No. 821
Friday
18 June '93

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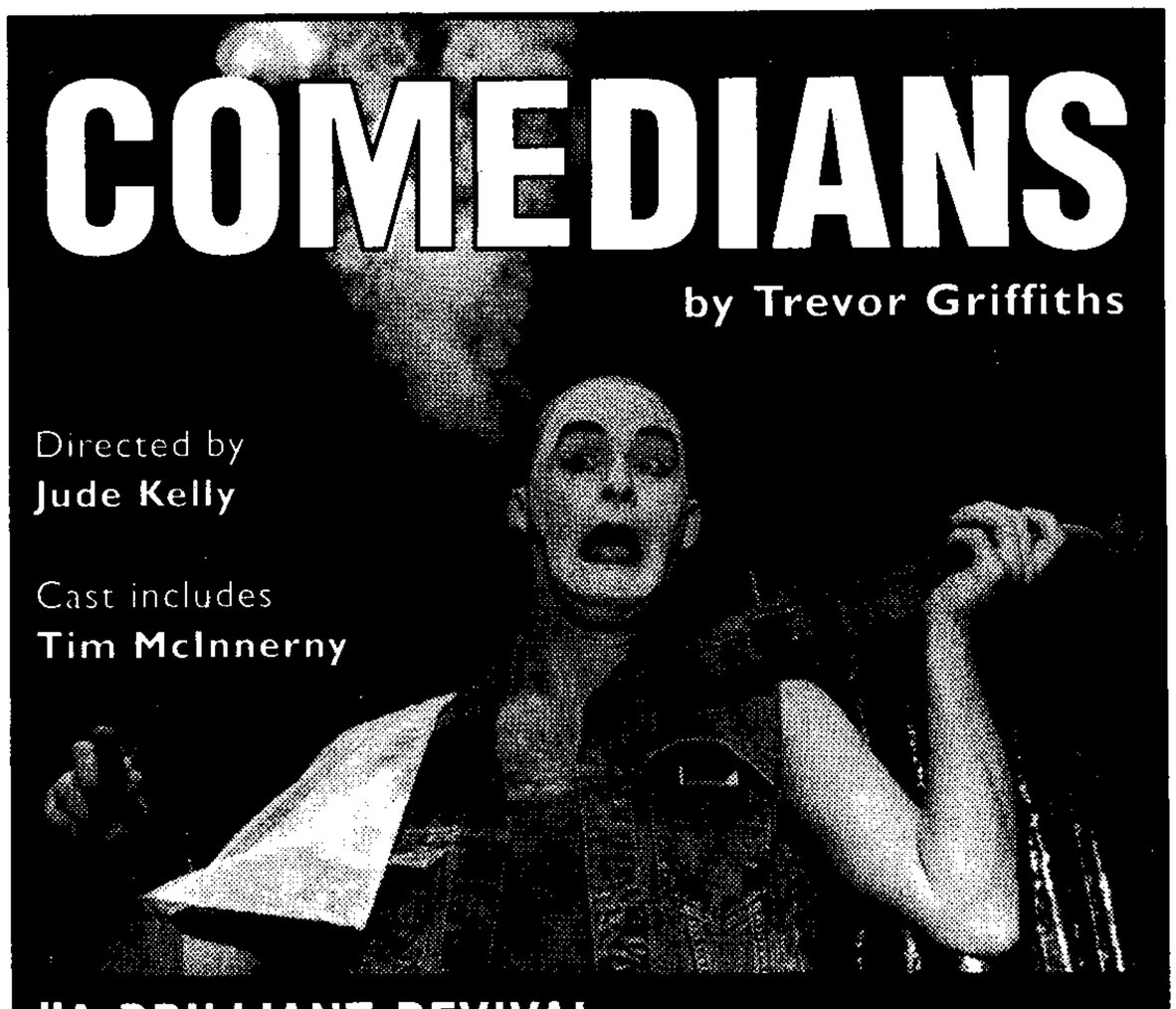

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IT IS time for the Conservative Party to stop squabbling and to pull itself together. Unity is what we Tories need and loyalty is the key to achieving it. If we continue to look inward, then we will deserve the fate to which this internecine strife is leading us. We will be condemned to failure and will let the reins of power slip away to be taken up by our real enemies in the Labour Party.

It would be an act of criminal folly for a party that prides itself on its discipline and its common sense to allow such an appalling eventuality to take place merely because its members cannot be trusted to hold their peace.

That is why I have issued the following advice to the party:

- Shut up, Lamont. You were a useless Chancellor and we all hated you anyway.
- Shut up, Fowler, you four-eyed creep. We all hate you still.
- Shut up, Maggie. We always hated you.
- Shut up, Major. You're the worst of the lot. You're even worse than Clarke.
- Shut up, Clarke. We hate you even more than Major.
- Shut up, everyone else.

E. Strobes
pp Lord Gnome
The 1822 Committee
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COLOUR SECTION

AS SCHISM engulfs the Tory party, former supporters of Margaret Thatcher are in complete agreement with John Major's remaining champions on one matter at least: the urgent need to stop any more inquiries into the links between the party and Asil Nadir, former cardboard box king and current fugitive from British justice.

Rumours of an internal party inquiry have horrified everyone; the fear being that such an inquiry might probe further the six occasions between 1984 and 1990 when Asil Nadir was the honoured guest of Mrs Thatcher at 10 Downing Street.

In particular, they fear detailed questions about the functions concerned, their links to Tory party funds and to the way in which the really big money for the party is connected to the honours system. Such questions might be:

1 What were the "big charities" favoured with special dinners and cocktail parties at 10 Downing Street in June 1984 and December 1988 which the delighted Nadir attended? Were these the charities most closely associated with gongs for "political and public services" (ie donations to the Tory party)?

2 What were the dates of the two functions attended by Nadir at Downing Street specifically to raise money for the Tory party? Downing Street won't release the dates, saying they are a matter for the Tory party, even though 10 Downing Street is maintained by the taxpayer. The Tory party says the whole thing is confidential.

The *Eye*'s information is that the first of these functions was early in 1987, soon after the famous January City lunch hosted by Sir Jack (now plain old Jack) Lyons, in which a stirring speech by Margaret Thatcher raised millions for the party from the assorted stockbrokers and slickers who attended. The second was later on in 1988, as the Tory party desperately tried to recover some of its 1987 election debts.

Proof of these are the two letters released by Nadir through a Turkish journalist soon after his arrest in 1990. One was from the Lady Herself, dated 14 July 1987, exuding thanks for Nadir's "most generous support" during the general election.

The other was by the then Tory party treasurer, Lord McAlpine of West Green, on 21 December 1988, dripping with gratitude for Nadir's "most generous donation of £60,000 to the Conservative Industrial Fund".

This 1988 donation followed three visits that year by Nadir to 10 Downing Street, including one in July to welcome Margaret Thatcher's favourite foreign president, Evren of Turkey.

Three visits to Downing Street in a year, plus what McAlpine called "consistent support of the party" at the rate of £100,000 a year is the stuff of which knights or even lords are made, and there is no doubt that Mrs Thatcher, constantly flooded with recommendations from the clutch of Tory MPs whom Nadir entertained in Northern Cyprus, was on the verge of rewarding the entrepreneur with suitable honours, when he was so inconveniently arrested.

LORD Justice Scott may find it easier to assess whether Sir Patrick Mayhew or Sir Hal Miller is telling porkies if he widens his weapons-to-Iraq inquiry to include the involvement of the Reagan and Bush administrations.

During that cloudy period in which Iraq ceased to be our friend and Iran stopped being our enemy, Saddam Hussein's personal mad scientist bought a factory in North Belfast. Dr Gerald Bull's Space Resource Corporation bought the Lear Fan complex with the approval of the Northern Ireland office. Then minister of state Richard Needham was even prepared to consider aid for the factory — until the US state department intervened.

A rapid U-turn followed and Bull was no longer welcome. Soon afterwards he died at the hands of the Israeli secret service and the supergun affair became public knowledge. Given the way elements in the Major regime helped Republicans trying to smear presidential candidate Clinton, the US may be delighted to supply Scott with details of how and when it knew of Bull's operation, and when the British became aware of SRC's ultimate ownership.

THE fantastic news that the department of trade investigation into the bust arms company Astra cost £2.1 million, almost all of which will be borne by the taxpayer, was admitted in a letter to Tim Laxton, an accountant formerly employed by Astra, from Neil Hamilton, parliamentary under secretary for corporate affairs.

Interesting extracts from the exchange of letters not hitherto published are as follows:

From Laxton to Hamilton, 8 April. "10. Are you the same Mr Hamilton who was involved in the libel action against *Panorama* for the "Maggie's Militant Tendency" programme? Were the costs for your libel proceedings along with those of Gerald Howarth MP funded, wholly or partly, directly or indirectly at any time by Richard James Rainey Unwin whose company was acquired by Astra and to whose company Mr Howarth acted as a paid consultant? (A shocking allegation. The *Eye* has always maintained that the costs were underwritten by James Goldsmith.)

"11. Were you aware that Mr Howarth buzzed attentively round the witnesses from Sheffield Forgemasters at the trade and industry select committee on 20 February 1992 and sat beside Stephanus Adolph Kock comparing notes in the committee room on 19 February 1992 while Mr Kock listened to the evidence of Astra's former managing director?

"12. Do your connections with Mr Howarth or Mr Unwin give rise to conflicts of interest in the Astra matter?"

From Hamilton to Laxton, 26 April:

"I cannot recall ever having had contact of any kind with Richard Unwin, whom I do not know. I have no knowledge of any of the matters alleged in paragraph 11 of your letter and am satisfied that I have no conflicts of interest of any kind in relation to the investigation of Astra's affairs."

"Short-termism isn't working, so let's forget it"

AMONG the many "top people" curiously silent over Asil Nadir's flight from justice are the members of the Northern Cyprus all-party parliamentary group: Sir Keith Speed, Andrew Faulds, John D. Taylor and Stephen Day.

Perhaps one reason is that at least two of them have benefited from their association with the Turkish part of the island, which is providing a refuge for the financier facing £30 million fraud charges.

Speed, a Tory MP when he is not running the lobbying company Westminster Communications, bought property on the cheap out there in the early 1970s after the Greeks were driven out. Taylor, an Ulster Unionist, did the same and currently owns two cottages in the "Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus".

Faulds, a Labour MP, has twice been out to the "republic" on freebies at the invitation of its speaker and foreign minister. Members of the group have also received cheap flights to the island on Noble Air, a Turkish airline.

Needless to say, the MPs have all been supportive of Northern Cyprus. Whether they have received any wristwatches in return is not known. Perhaps Nadir, a hero to the Northern Cypriots if not to Polly Peck shareholders, could oblige.

THE NEWS that the government, with the support of nice Mr Major, wants the old and the disabled to reduce our balance of payments deficit — by cutting and taxing invalidity benefit — may finally prove too much for the sensitive minister of state who will have to do the dirty work, the Rt Hon Nicholas Scott.

Ever since the 1987 election, Scott has been the "nice face" behind the government's cuts in social security benefits. The more he has to cut, the more he weeps to friends and colleagues that it hurts him and his family (he is married to the daughter of the 9th Lord Hawke) as much as it hurts the poor underprivileged masses.

The resignation on principle of Eurofanatic Scott might be temporarily embarrassing for the prime minister, and might even lead to another awkward resignation speech. But it would give Major an opportunity to redress the balance of his cabinet in favour of the Thatcherites, who are still seething at the sacking of their champion, Edward Leigh.

THE one policy the government refuses to drop or alter is the craziest of them all: rail privatisation.

There is no support for it, let alone enthusiasm, anywhere in the department of transport, where the secretary of state John MacGregor is more than ready to dump it. Nor is there any longer a commitment to it among treasury officials, who have done their sums and are convinced there's no money in it.

Of the three new quango bosses so far appointed, franchise director Roger Salmon and regulator John Swift QC remain stonily silent. Only the third man, "Sir" Robert "Gillette" Horton, the failed chairman of BP who runs Railtrack and might not find anything to keep him busy if Railtrack is abolished, briefs the occasional hack.

Rail privatisation only survives because it is backed by three people who have a hold on the current prime minister: Michael Portillo, who dreamt up franchising when he was at transport; Sarah Hogg of the No 10 policy unit; and John Redwood who is now in the cabinet and detests railways.

The overrated Portillo is Major's designated successor — in seven years' time, ho ho!

THE treasury has won a big victory over Michael Heseltine, who has withdrawn support for a feasibility study of the Mersey tidal barrage.

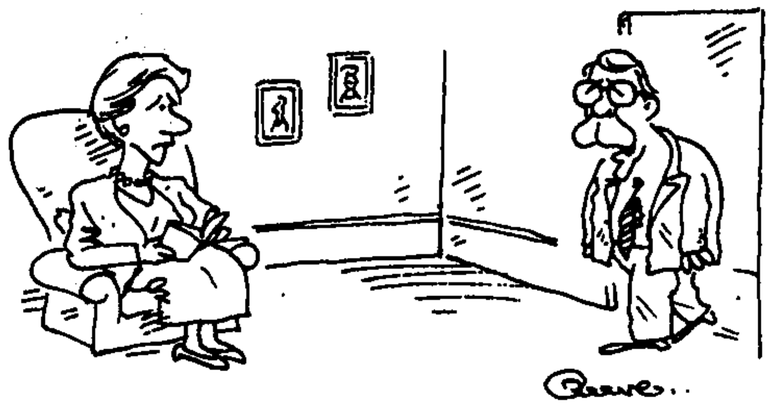
This is ominous as Merseyside was once Hezza's stamping ground (he led Thatcher's post-riots task force there in the 80s) and if he can't stop the treasury walking over him in Liverpool, he won't be able to make a stand anywhere.

The barrage was the biggest scheme for renewable energy under study. It would generate 700 megawatts of pollution-free electricity, and during its 120-year lifetime save the atmosphere from 205 million tons of carbon dioxide, two million tons of sulphur dioxide and half a million tons of nitrous oxide. Not to mention the methane from gas pipes.

The main objection has been that the electricity would be expensive, but such calculations depend on the discount rate used and, as *Eye* readers know, the current 8 percent rate is unrealistically high. The rate stipulates the required level of return from investments of public money and so stymies a project such as a tidal barrage which has heavy costs at the start but then generates electricity for pin money because maintenance is cheap and the "fuel" — the rise and fall of the tide — free.

A barrage across the river Rance in Brittany generates France's cheapest electricity and on the Mersey the cost is estimated at around 7p a unit (comparable with nuclear power) for the first 25 years, then *1p or less* once the capital has been repaid.

FACT: The government had been contributing less than £1 million a year, on average, to tidal energy research compared with £1.3 billion a year to nuclear power.



"Hi, honey — I'm hopeless"

THE boundary commission's plans to restructure Birmingham's 12 parliamentary constituencies have led to a sudden burst of union affiliations in the city's Labour strongholds.

Roger Godsiff, the London-based union official who strangely beat three local councillors to take Small Heath thanks to a suddenly inflated union vote, looks set to be the biggest loser.

His constituency will be swallowed up by Ladywood, that of his arch-enemy Clare Short. The move is particularly ironic considering how Godsiff's union, the GMB, suddenly announced a big jump in members in Ladywood just before Short's last reselection battle. The extra delegates claimed by the GMB could have seen Short replaced by a Godsiff acolyte if the national party had not forced the GMB to withdraw them.

It all seems such a shame for Roger — especially after the hard work he put in. But what is happening in neighbouring Sparkbrook, held by Roy Hattersley, who is widely expected to quit before the next election? Suddenly union affiliations are pouring in. Could Sparkbrook be next in line for a rogering?

JOHN SMITH squirmed on Radio 4's *The World at One* when he was asked if he would raise taxes to cope with the economic crisis and our £50 billion public spending deficit.

After waffling about finding extra revenue from a windfall tax on privatised companies and closing tax loopholes, he eventually murmured that local authorities had £8.5 billion stacked away that the treasury would not let them spend. This came at the end of a long exchange, and the newspapers understandably ignored it next day.

The money comes from the sale of council houses, and the treasury insists it be held in the bank because the monetarists, led by permanent secretary Terence Burns, believe spending money is actually bad for you. If it is released, they fear, it would lead to an increase in the money supply and that would be disastrous. They prefer the policy they have been imposing since 1979: hoard the money and to hell with the economy.

But why does the pussyfooting Smith fail to make this a rallying cry for his party, giving it some claim to having a credible alternative? It was even in the Labour election manifesto, if one looked hard enough, where it said there would be a *phased* release of the money.

This qualification was inserted almost certainly at Smith's request. This is because he has a terror of being accused by the treasury and its ministers of being profligate with the nation's wealth, and, if he has to choose, prefers to keep his party looking as helpless as the government it is supposed to oppose.

JACK STRAW'S legal battle with the 13 Lambeth councillors who were expelled by Labour is assuming Lamont-ian proportions.

As revealed last issue, the Lambeth 13 have engaged comrades Sue, Grabbit and Runne to defend their honour, incensed that when the story of the council's missing millions broke, Straw announced in a press release that Labour would: "Root out fraud, corruption and mismanagement... this we did when 13 members of the council Labour group were expelled." The allegations later appeared in the Labour party newspaper, *Tribune*.

However, Labour's general secretary Larry Whitty has confirmed that because the original press release was on Labour party headed paper, Labour will cover Straw's costs, so far around £6,000.

The massively-indebted party is confident the costs will be recouped when the case comes before m'learned friends — but perhaps Labour should set up a Strawballs fund right now.

MPs FOR HIRE

PART SEVEN: CONSTRUCTION AND ROAD LOBBY

John Carlisle *Luton North*: Director of Bletchley Motors Group plc.

David Evans *Welwyn Hatfield*: Consultant to the Retail Motor Industry Federation.

Sir Marcus Fox *Shipley*: Consultant to Shepherd (Construction) Ltd.

Harry Greenway *Ealing North*: Consultant to Taylor Woodrow plc. Also has use of company car provided by Taylor Woodrow plc.

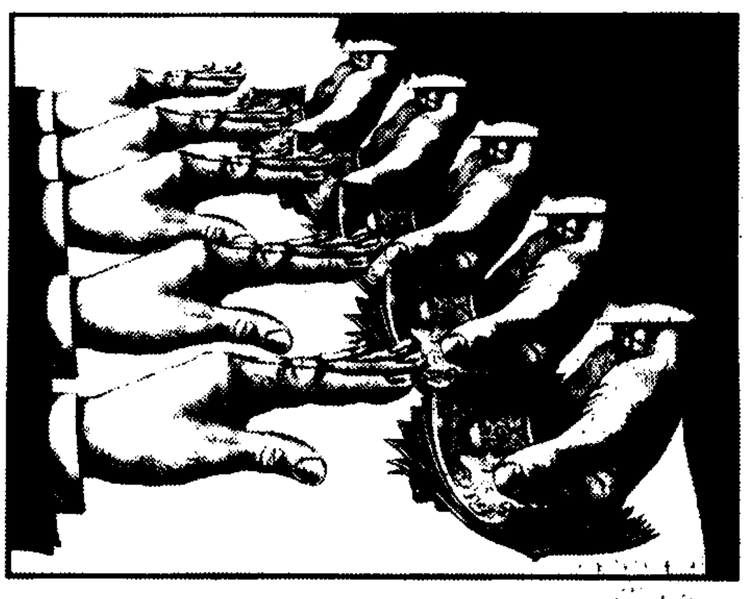
David Howell *Guildford*: Director of Trafalgar House plc.

Sir Michael Neubert *Romford*: Adviser to the Federation of Master Builders.

David Nicholson *Taunton*: Adviser on taxation to Building Employers Confederation.

Colin Shepherd *Hereford*: Adviser to Balfour Beatty Ltd.

Sir Dudley Smith *Warwick and Leamington*: Consultant to Volvo (UK) Ltd.



Sir Malcolm Thornton *Crosby*: Consultant to Building Employers Confederation.

John Ward *Poole*: Use of company car provided by Taylor Woodrow plc.

Todmorden Unitarian Church, W. Yorks

NOOKS AND CORNERS

SINCE this column thrives on bad news — on vandalism, philistinism and destruction, on vulgarisation, ruination and despoliation, on outrage, scandal and crimes against civilization — it may seem out of place to introduce a little good news. But good it is.

The Historic Chapels Trust is launched this week to care for non-Anglican buildings of distinction which have been abandoned by their owners, for whatever reason. And there are plenty of those: Georgian chapels in villages, great Victorian auditoria in towns that were once thriving and are now empty, abandoned, derelict, despoiled. The chapel is the second most threatened building-type in England (the poor barn comes first); between 1985 and 1992 there were 108 applications to demolish listed non-Anglican places of worship.

This is not just because non-conformist denominations are, by nature, less interested in buildings. These days good, ambitious Anglican clerics compete with Attila the Hun for sensitivity (cf. St Helen's and St Ethelburga's Bishopsgate, *Eyes passim*). The point is that Anglican churches of distinction which become hopelessly redundant — ecclesiastical plant surplus to requirements — and which cannot be converted to a new use without unacceptable destruction can fall into the admirable safety net of the Redundant Churches Fund. Chapels had nowhere to go: until now.

The object of the Historic Chapels Trust is "to secure, for the benefit of the public generally, the preservation, repair and maintenance of buildings of Non-Conformist, Roman Catholic, Jewish and other religious bodies, together with their contents, burial grounds and curtilages". With the welcome launch of this trust comes news that it is taking on four buildings: the Baptist Chapel at Cote, Oxon,; the Friends' Meeting House at Farfield, Yorks; the Unitarian Church at Todmorden; and the Congregational Chapel at Walpole, Suffolk.

BUT WHEN will it get a Roman Catholic church? Although — like the Church of England and unlike, say, the Methodists — a highly structured body well able to establish its own responsible system of aesthetic control, the Roman Catholic Church in Britain has shown itself to be consistently cavalier with fine buildings.

Usually, when they are surplus to requirements, the archbishop gets in quick with the bulldozer — as with St Benedict's Drumchapel. Or the church is simply sold off to the highest bidder, regardless of the consequences, as with the scandalous case of St Francis', Gorton, Manchester.

Then there are the grotesquely destructive internal "reorderings" carried ruthlessly through with the apparent authority of the Second Vatican Council. In Eye 815, I described the pathetic case of the Church of St Robert Bellarmine in Bootle, where the parish priest, the egregious guitar-strumming Father "Ed" Cain, is determined to throw out the beautiful marble baldacchino regardless of the wishes of his dutiful parishioners. The archdiocese of Liverpool has now permitted the closure of the church to facilitate the execution of this wickedly expensive and totally unnecessary piece of vandalism.

But democracy is beginning to stir in the Roman Catholic Church — to the horror of archbishops — and the parish is fighting back. Despairing of getting any dialogue with, or even civil replies from, Archbishop Warlock and his auxiliary bishops, the parishioners appealed to canon law and have written to the Congregation of Bishops in Rome. In the Universe of 30 May, it was confirmed that the work at St Robert Bellarmine would be put on hold until an answer comes from Rome. But the following week a letter was published from the press officer to the archdiocese announcing that the work of destruction would go ahead regardless. So Archbishop Warlock is quite happy to be in breach of canon law in pursuit of his philistine ends.

Quite why so many Roman Catholic clergy have such a deep hatred for objects of beauty is an interesting question. But what is certain is that the vandalism they promote cannot be justified by Vatican II. In the Documents of the Liturgy, every decree and instruction insists upon "the close relationship that must exist between Catholic worship and sacred art", while at the National Congress of Diocesan Liturgical Commissions of Italy on Liturgy and Sacred Art in 1967, Pope Paul VI insisted that the primacy of the sacrament "does not in any way justify arbitrarily stripping church-established worship of sacral and aesthetic forms that surround it..."

Furthermore, after bishops in Holland, France and elsewhere had permitted destructive reorderings, the circular letter Opera artis in 1971 stated unequivocally that "Disregarding the warnings and legislation of the Holy See, many people have made unwarranted changes in places of worship under the pretext of carrying out the reform of the liturgy and have thus caused the disfigurement or loss of priceless works of art... Works of art from the past are always and everywhere to be preserved so that they may lend their noble service to divine worship and to help their people's active participation in the liturgy."

What do you say to that, Archbishop Warlock?

'Piloti'

LEADERS of the fastest disappearing political party in British history — The Why Doesn't Labour Copy Clinton Movement — have mercifully fallen silent.

The party, which sprang up after Clinton won the presidential election, had as its leader Tony Blair, who told *Tribune* in January: "The Clinton team was tremendously effective in having a central economic message around the notion of active government. The dedication to putting across that message, the refusal to be diverted, is a very important lesson for us."

Other Clintonites included Peter Mandelson — who in the 1988 US election went to America to learn how to win from the tremendously impressive Michael Dukakis.

Also prominent were Philip Gould, coordinator of the Shadow Communications Agency (it taught Neil Kinnock all he knew about winning elections), and Patricia Hewitt, deputy director of the Institute for Public Policy Research. They jointly wrote an article for *Renewal*, organ of the Labour Co-ordinating Committee, saying Labour must copy Clinton by losing its image as the party of the poor.

A conference on Clinton's economics was organised by Gould's PR and market research company, Philip Gould Associates, for the *Guardian* and Transport and General Workers' Union. Sensibly, admission was set at £145 to keep out the poor.

WOOED by Chris Patten in the Thatcher era, things look grim for Ulster Tories. They were thrashed in May's council elections, they have no chance of winning a parliamentary seat — and Conservative central office is going to dump them.

Party bosses will ditch their members in Ulster in favour of forging a new alliance with Jim Molyneaux's Ulster Unionist party (UUP), which has backed away from the more confrontational tactics of Ian Paisley's Democratic Unionists.

The alliance will guarantee the Tory majority at Westminster should there be a hung parliament after the next election, and free the less virulent unionists from Paisley's shadow. Central office's betrayal is the sort of manoeuvre that has been performed regularly in the past and will cause few moral qualms.

The man to secure a deal — and in the process his own political career — is perhaps former British Airways PR man David Burnside. He has long held an almost frightening desire to strengthen the union (including a spell in Billy Craig's loony Vanguard movement) and should find no great difficulty in inheriting the seat of an increasingly dotty Molyneaux, who will not contest the next election. Burnside can be relied upon to lead the unionists back to the Tory fold — and in the meantime, serve the nation in any way he can.

SIR Donald "Fixit" Stringer (*Eyes passim*), **formerly Tory area agent for London and latterly Wessex, has won official recognition in John Major's "classless" honours list.**

For some years the *Eye* has campaigned on behalf of Sir Donald, as he can now be called, for fixing large numbers of well-heeled lookalike clones into parliament as lobby fodder, and being a major contributory factor to the lifeless face of the party.

He will be best remembered for promoting the attributes of Ms Harriet Crawley as candidate for Brent East. Uniquely for the party of the family, she conducted her campaign when seven months pregnant and unmarried, claiming that the father was someone very senior in the party.

'Backbiter'

"Another boom that didn't happen"

STREET of SHAME

CIVIL WAR over whether the unions should be allowed to vote for the Labour party's leader and parliamentary candidates has reached unprecedented levels of bitterness — especially in the newsroom of the *Grauniad*, which last Tuesday published two front pages within a few hours, for the same day's paper, saying exactly opposite things.

The early edition led on the story that John Smith was preparing to retreat from his confrontation with the unions, as evidenced by the fact that shadow minister Tony Blair had "suggested a compromise" during a private meeting with a "senior union leader". Although it did not say so, the unionist in question was Tom Burlison, deputy general secretary of the GMB, who had told *Grauniad* hack Seumas Milne about it.

Blair, who was tipped off about the story soon after it had gone to press, rang the paper's night newsdesk in a state of screaming fury, demanding that it be pulled. *Grauniad* political editor Michael White, a crony of Blair, was dragged from his bed to put an entirely different spin on the story for the final edition. The new version claimed that John Smith had no intention of backing down, and that Blair "had had no meetings with the unions since Mr Smith stated his position... two weeks ago."

This denial was a trifle disingenuous, since the meeting with Burlison had taken place just over two weeks earlier. Milne, peeved at having the front page tampered with at the behest of a Labour frontbencher, wrote a report for the following day's paper, repeating his claim that Blair had approached a "senior union leader".

When Blair learned of this, he went berserk again, ringing editor Peter Preston no fewer than three times to demand that the article be dropped. For once the *Grauniad* stood its ground and ran the piece — but mollified Blair by commissioning him to write a dreary feature about his support for one-member-one-vote. It was printed alongside a sympathetic article on the same subject by political correspondent Patrick Wintour, a friend of Blair's.

All this has increased the dismay of *Grauniad* hacks at the way the paper's parliamentary staff, particularly White and Wintour, are allowing themselves to be used as a conduit for the thoughts of Blair and Gordon Brown, the leaders of Labour's "modernising" faction. It must also be rather disconcerting for any readers who happen to see both early and late editions of the paper.

IN HIS preposterous *Sunday Times* column a couple of weeks ago, Peter McLie wrote that a friend of his once shared a compartment with Julie Christie on a Moscow-bound train, and "while no impropriety took place he found her a dazzling beauty and sensitive soulmate".

It depends what you mean by impropriety. The friend in question was *Express* hack Peter Tory, who was then a budding actor in the same rep company as the divine Ms Christie. They had an affair, something of which Tory has always been rather proud.

It all happened many years ago, and both were unmarried at the time; so why did McLie feel compelled to throw in a false disclaimer on their behalf? One can only conclude that he is so accustomed to tinkering with the truth that he cannot stop himself.

DISTRAUGHT at failing to buy the *Observer*, *Indescribablyboring* supremo Andreas Whittam Strobes is casting about for ways to improve his own paper.

The latest suggestion has come from one Jack O'Sullivan, a bumptious young hack who has proposed a weekly "public/social policy page", to be edited by himself. In a memo to Strobes, he explains that the page would cover "health policy, the benefit and pensions systems, social services, local government, aspects of criminal justice, social justice issues such as race, non-private housing and the development of inner cities".

All very well — except that the *Indie* already has a number of specialist hacks covering these subjects, who are mightily peeved that O'Sullivan did not trouble to consult them before writing his self-aggrandising memo.

Still, O'Sullivan is clearly full of good ideas. Ideally, he says, "the title for the page should be one that hasn't been used before". He therefore proposes to call it "New Society". *Very* original.

A FASCINATING libel battle is in prospect following the recent "exclusive" interview with fugitive legover-merchant Bishop Eamon Casey in the *Irish Independent*.

The hack responsible for the article, Gordon Thomas, is not only suing the Dublin *Sunday Tribune* — which, like the *Eye*, suggested that the "interview" was bogus. He is also, bizarrely, preparing to issue a writ against the *Irish Independent* itself.

Even in the long and exotic history of libel suits, no one can recall a case of a hack actually suing his own newspaper over one of his own stories. But Thomas claims that the front-page "scoop" which appeared under his name on the front of the *Independent* on Easter Sunday was not, in fact, written by him.

His annoyance was redoubled by the *Independent*'s subsequent conduct. The paper's editor Angus Fanning at first defended Thomas, claiming to have a tape of the Casey interview. But Fanning later wrote an editorial admitting that Thomas had not carried out an interview with Casey "in the accepted sense". While agreeing that the front-page article was riddled with inaccuracies, Thomas continues to insist that he did interview the Bishop, albeit only for "eight or ten minutes" — and he intends to produce the photographer who accompanied him on the trip, Charlie Collins, as a witness.

Meanwhile, the *Sunday Independent* is still pocketing one third of the fees for worldwide syndication of the very story which it has now disowned.

AT A RECENT budget meeting for editors of Express group newspapers, Eve Bollard's place was taken by her bow-tied deputy, Charles "Experienced" Golding.

While other executives discussed editorial costs and so forth, Golding had a more pressing matter to raise. "Eve is furious," he suddenly announced, "that on Saturdays there is no one here from transport. Last Saturday her Jaguar broke down, *and there was no one here to mend it*. So she had to hire a car — and what's more it cost £400 a day."

Daily Star editor Brian Hitchen let out a snort of amazement. "What the fuck has she hired?" he demanded. "the lord mayor's carriage?"

HAVING landed the *Sun* in the mire over its so-called IRA "exposé" — the biggest libel case since the Elton John fiasco, for which he was also responsible — hapless assistant editor Neil Wallis has a new problem on his hands.

Hacks at Wapping have gleefully discovered a series of *billets doux* in the computer message system, apparently between Wallis and the rag's new royal correspondent Hilary Douglas.

The messages in la Douglas's name are full of sweet nothings: "I have a very indecent proposal for you... I have just been eating almonds, very reminiscent of something else... I have two things to show you... are you going to manage to entertain me?... I know I piss you off trying to tie you down — not literally, of course, unless you like a bit of bondage, but pls give me an idea if you can accommodate me tonight... I did have knickers on that day... the splits give very easy access for hands, I'm sure... I promise not to bother you again today except with matters of lewd and libidinous manner... I need a stress shag."

The replies, supposedly from Wallis, are brief and to the point: "I know a way I could make you squeal in return... biting your bum!"

Clearly Wallis and Douglas cannot really be the authors of this filth. But how has somebody else managed to discover their supposedly secret computer passwords and "logged on" in their names? One trusts that editor Kelvin Mackenzie will be setting up a full security inquiry.

MYSTERY surrounds the fate of Paul Connew, deputy editor of the *News of the Screws*. Last Thursday, following the arrival of an anonymous letter in the office of editor Patsy Chapman, Connew was summoned to a meeting with la Chapman, *Screws* hack Stuart Kuttner and personnel director Tudor Hopkins. He has not been seen in the office since.

"He hasn't been sacked," Hopkins told the *Eye* on Monday. "The current situation is that he's on leave, and we're still discussing the situation." Connew's future would, he added, be decided by the end of the week. "I can say no more."

Hopkins was, thus, sadly unable to confirm or deny the colourful rumours which have been circulating in the *Screws* office about the contents of the mysterious package received by Chapman — and the identity of its sender. But all may be revealed soon.

LAST ISSUE's piece on Bronwen Maddox should have made it clear that the *UK Press Gazette* award given to her and the *FT* team was for a series of articles about Robert Maxwell published last year (13-19 June 1992).

This series was thus published after Maxwell's death, though Maddox was writing other pieces about Maxwell in the *FT* which began before he died on 5 November 1991.

WATER NEWS

TRY AS IT might, Yorkshire Water just can't clean up its act.

No sooner had it launched a £250,000 PR campaign asking customers to choose between higher prices and lower standards (see *Eye* 820), than it complained about being expected to reduce the amount of sewage it pumps into the River Aire.

The privatised water company thinks the National Rivers Authority (NRA) target of improving the quality of the Aire from "poor" to "fair" by the end of 1995 is too tough. Yorkshire Water wants the target date put back to the end of the century.

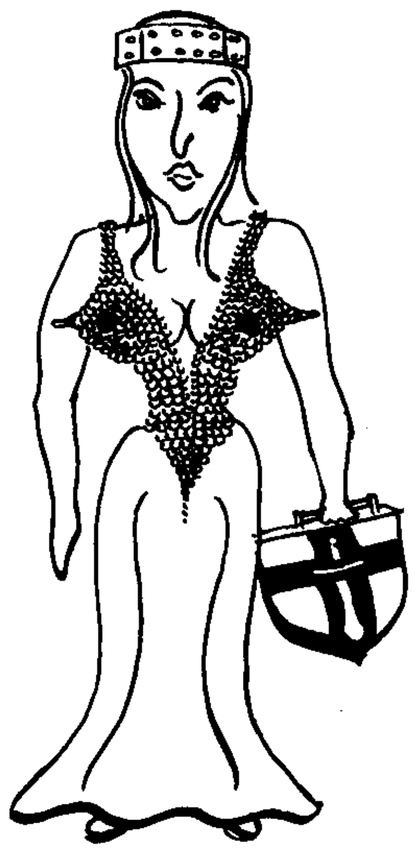
It's not just the River Aire that suffers. On 7 June Yorkshire Water was fined £5,000 by Wakefield magistrates for allowing raw sewage to pour into the River Calder. The court heard that the untreated effluent had been easily spotted by an NRA official on a routine visit to the Ossett Spa sewage treatment works.

Nobody at the sewage works had noticed the pollution, and it was impossible to say how long it had been pouring into the river. Yorkshire Water was also ordered to pay costs of £395.

But the company can afford it. At the beginning of June it announced that profits for the year had soared by 12 percent to £138.6 million. As Rupert Murdoch once said, monopolies are terrible things — until you own one, that is.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

ASCOT Grovel



① ② ③

AFTER months of feverish expectation, I am at last in a position to announce the results of my competition in which readers were invited to design a dress for Eve Pollard — or Lady Lloyd, as she is more correctly known — to wear to Royal Ascot.

The panel of judges, composed of many of the leading names from the fashion industry (including the legendary maestro Gino Ginelli), praised the number and quality of entries. They were particularly impressed by an anonymous "Norah Batty style" creation in pink and lime green — but, alas, my organ's printers felt they could not do justice to it in mere monochrome. Also commended was Siobhan McNally's design for a dress made entirely from the pelt of a Shetland pony, dyed in "environmentally friendly" colours. Some judges favoured the "Collection Orbitale", a full length dress in the shape and colours of a motorway traffic cone, but others felt that this did not show la Bollard's sumptuous curves to best advantage.

The same criticism applied to the otherwise imaginative proposal that she wear a huge marquee, 25 metres long by 8 metres wide, which could be decorated with flowers (for the "Laura Ashley look") or slit down the sides (*a la* Vivienne Westwood). With the guy ropes removed it could also be worn strapless, as an evening dress.

Picking a winner was almost as difficult as finding anyone who reads the *Sunday Express*. However, fortified by liberal quantities of lemon barley-water, my judges eventually picked their final three. In third place is Carl McMillan's sensitive reinterpretation of the Madonna "Express Yourself" look. The second prize goes to the Dave Coote's Ascot Valkyrie.

But the outright winner, for her skill in creating something that reflects and enhances la Bollard's natural style, is V. Wheeler.

FOLLOWING Lady Thatcher's robust swinging of the handbag during the Maastricht debate in the Lords last week, I turn to a curious volume called *A Way With Words — Favourite Pieces chosen by Famous People*.

This compendium of *bons mots* features, on page 225, a passage chosen by Thatch herself from something called *The Bridge of Love, An Anthology of Hope*. And very illuminating it is, too.

"Lord, thou knowest, better than I know myself that I am growing older, and will soon be old," it starts, reasonably enough. "Make me thoughful but not moody, helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of knowledge it seems a pity not to use it all!"

After more guff in similar vein, the piece reaches a suitably telling conclusion: "Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally it is possigle that I may be mistaken... I do not want to be a saint — some of them are hard to live with — but a sour old man or woman is one of the works of the devil."

John Major would no doubt agree.

AN AGGRIEVED Marcia Falkender tells me of her displeasure at the forthcoming authorised biography of her old boss, Harold Wislon, by Sir Philip Ziegler as he still isn't.

Lady Forkbender is not at all pleased with the man who commissioned it, one of her many lords, "Popeye" Weidenfeld. Why did he choose such an unreliable author?

Ziegler apparently confessed to Wislon that he was not in fact a committed socialist. This was a typical Zieglerian economy with the truth, but it served. The Yorkshireman responded: "That's lucky. Neither am I."

Lord Wislon gave his blessing if he could vet the manuscript; but by the time it was complete he was in no physical condition to do so and the task passed to milady, Wislon's ex-secretary and protector of the shrine.

The book, due in September, is nothing like as hagiographic as the last one by Marcia's devoted admirer Ben Pimlott, and she has been making strenuous efforts to have certain passages redrafted. Surely she cannot want changes because Ziegler grossly underestimates the role of one Marcia Williams in affairs of state?

● *ALAN CLARK may be able to dish it out, but he seems unable to take it.*

His Diaries include references to his friend, confidant and consumer of his hospitality, Brute Anderson of the Sunday Express, as a "fat creep" and "terrific Vicar of Bray". Yet when Anderson penned a ribald profile of Clark to spoil rival Mail on Sunday's serialisation of the Diaries, Clark and his wife took umbrage.

Anderson's tribute to his friend included anecdotes about using a Commons official's office for Ugandan purposes, about Jane Clark locking her husband in the cellar at Saltwood Castle so he could not fulfil an assignation, and about Clark's inquiring of a friend at a memorial service: "Ever done it in a church?"

Clark has since written to "Brute" saying he and Jane wish him never to cross the threshold of Saltwood again.

Pip Pip!

Pseuds Corner

Steely Dan were smooth, oleaginous, satin-soft, insinuating. They entered your inner space like a buttered dildo (they got their name from a Burroughs strap-on) to leave you uneasily satisfied, half-fed, half-worried. The Dan were a junk meal, a shopping fix, a day on a suburban lawn; they were a sprinkler on soft grass and you were almost out of range. Their intellect reached you in vapour form. You'd feel a slight moisture before turning over to catch the last of the sun.

NICK COLEMAN
Time Out

ROCK is Britain's first home grown piece of dance escalade, performance which blends contemporary dance with modern rock climbing. Designed on and around the Sobell full-sized indoor climbing wall, it uses the horizontal and the vertical to try and pinpoint exactly where it is we actually are, and the place we are struggling to reach.

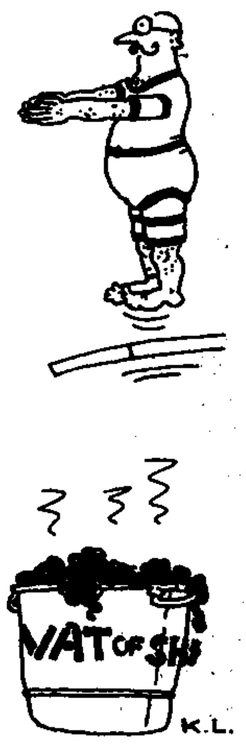
ROCK features a company of six performers, two dancers, two climbers and two with skills in both. All are women, and the piece flies in the face of the stereotypical masculine image of rock climbing, exploring instead the sensuality, suppleness and particular brand of strength of the female form.

Advertisement for
Bristol Climbing Centre

I don't really trust people who live where there isn't snow, but Los Angeles is good for the spirit. To see people play volleyball on the beach with no net or out-of-bounds — volleyball as pure experience, exploring person-and-ball relationships.

GARRISON KEILLOR
The Guardian

[Chris] Lynam acknowledges that there are strong similarities on what they do. "But Leo [Bassi] is more of a vaudevillian than I am. He's a lot more intelligent too. There's so much thought and thoroughness in the way he creates even one small part of a routine." Three years ago Bassi did a four-minute spot in a TV show that Chris Lynam & the Extravaganzas recorded at the Hackney Empire. It ended with Bassi jumping into a large vat of manure. "We talked about that piece for a solid two and a half days," Lynam reveals. "Leo had to feel completely happy about the meanings behind what he did coming across clearly to the audience."



Time Out

This book is not remotely a *novel* — if we mean by that something with its own internal pressure, its own language, a quality of mysterious self-generation, a certain *sealed* seriousness.

JAMES WOOD
The Guardian

I regularly write about 30 letters a week to newspapers and weekly magazines, and do not consider letter-writing as a hobby. Rather, it is a political intervention, often within an historical framework, in a medium which all too often has a very narrow focus on events.

KEITH FLETT
Letter to Independent Magazine

CONTRIBUTORS: J. Dawson, John Telfer, Anna Lehmann, John Radford, E. Strobes, Richard Todd.

£10 paid for entries

EYE TV

Lady Chatterley

BBC1

AND SO, after an entirely shag-free first episode, Lady Chatterley and Mellors finally stripped away barriers of class and upbringing, not to mention his trousers, to couple furiously on a grubby old blanket in a hut in the woods.

Cheers rang out across the nation. Out on the streets, euphoric viewers frolicked in the driving rain. It had been a long and anguished wait, but it had been worth it.

Not that the series is about sex. Far from it. As James Wilby, who plays Sir Clifford Chatterley, has said: "Lady Chatterley is a serious attempt to put Lawrence's novel on film, and I find it thoroughly depressing that the press will only want to talk about the sex scenes. That sort of knee-jerk reaction to serious work like this makes me want to leave the country sometimes."

And so, as Wilby flies off to foreign climes, the press has plunged in with a gleeful hostility usually reserved for the collected works of Peter Mayle. Some critics have said the series is not sufficiently faithful to the book. Others have said it's too faithful, as the book is bloody awful anyway. And the *Sun* has (a) railed feverishly over the BBC's decision to broadcast this depraved series at a time when some children may be watching and (b) printed enormous photographs of the rumpiest scenes in a newspaper that some children may be reading. No surprises there.

The real problem with *Lady Chatterley*, though, is rather more straightforward. The BBC may have assured us beforehand that this wouldn't be a typical Ken Russell production, but we didn't believe it. Perhaps we didn't want to believe it. And, it is true, the series is entirely free of nuns, crazed composers in silly wigs and Amanda Donohoe experimenting with tropical fruit. But what is more surprising is that the series is also free of virtually anything of interest at all. Far from being eccentric and salacious, *Lady Chatterley* is pickled in respectability. No-one could conceivably take any offence at anything — other than the fact that's so terrifyingly, cripplingly dull.

And so Lady C goes for her walk in the woods, where Mellors is breathing heavily again. Sean Bean is an accomplished actor, but here he has little more to do than look cross and breathe heavily. Months of strenuous lung exercises, though, have clearly paid off, as his stertorous exhalations sing out across the countryside at all times of day and night. Occasionally he gets to speak, too. "What it is to touch thee," he whispers hoarsely, before ripping off her ladyship's knickers.

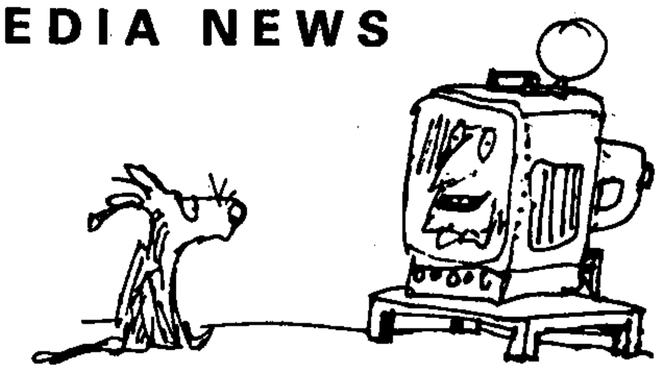
Lady C, meanwhile, is fotherington-tomas in a dress. "How nice, a little house for the birds," she cries wetly. "I wish I were a bird." Behind all this, funereal "pastoral" music drones relentlessly on. The two exchange looks. Later, they exchange rather more. "Do you want me?" she asks. "Aye, if you want it," he responds. And she does.

Back at the hall, poor crippled James Wilby is being driven mad by overacting. "Would you mind placing that vase of spray carnations where the light falls on them?" he barks. Appallingly disadvantaged by the cuckold's traditional weedy moustache, he stays in bed for scene after scene, no doubt wondering why he took this part on. Only a miners' strike perks him up. Extras in cloth caps stand around looking poor while Wilby says things like "If some of the old England isn't preserved, there'll be no England left at all." Viewers just look glumly forward to the next sex scene.

It's all a bit of a struggle, and after a while you begin to wonder why the BBC bothered. After all, if the book is unfilmable, as people say, that seems a good reason as any not to film it. Russell has clearly been allowed a certain leeway — having no doubt considered many of the country's leading actors for the role of Lady C's father, he finally cast himself — but for much of the time the production seems embalmed. Good actors do their best, but are defeated by stilted dialogue and the terrible thinness of the story. It's a shame, in fact, that Russell wasn't allowed to go over the top in his usual fashion. On balance, even Amanda Donohoe and her tropical fruit would be better than this.

'Old Couch Potato'

MEDIA NEWS



VOODOO economics at the BBC have plumbed new depths with the news that Producer Choice, the system designed to make the BBC cost competitive, is adding to its growing losses.

With Network Television's overspend now up to an estimated £124.8 million as of the end of financial year 1992-93, Producer Choice is expected to return a deficit of £35-45 million in its first year.

How a system that was designed to *cut* loss and inefficiency can itself become part of both defies belief. But the impact of what seems to be a serious cash flow problem is clear: hundreds of freelances, outside contractors and independent programme makers have been jamming unit managers' phone lines in the past few weeks complaining that invoices submitted as long ago as February have still not been paid.

"No one is going to work for us very soon," laments one production chief. "We're alienating the very people Producer Choice was designed to appeal to. We spend half our time apologising."

As usual managers blame the computer software. Just as JACs, the journalists' automated credit system, shouldered much of the blame for the £124.8 million overspend, Producer Choice's new costing system (NCS), using the appropriately named Chameleon software, is being fingered. Designed for the retail trade, it has proved totally inappropriate for television production.

Purchase orders, or anticipated spending for goods and services, rarely mirror actual spending in television where costs are notoriously hard to predict. "Like everything in the BBC now it is designed for the convenience of accountants and finance managers rather than anyone who actually has anything to do with making programmes," said one production assistant. "Some units are in fact financially healthy, but when loaded with Producer Choice's fictitious overheads — say a proportion of the rent for a building the BBC owns the freehold on — they become insolvent on paper."

But there is method in this madness. If the money men and women can prove overspends on paper, they can demand more cuts. And cuts they are demanding. Last week financial controller John Smith and Network Television resources director Cliff Taylor called on directorates to match last year's 25 percent cut in overhead costs again in 1993-94.

Producer Choice creates many absurdities, but one is the threat it poses to the BBC's long-term future as a programme maker. Take the *Antiques Roadshow*, for example, a predictable, long-running series eminently suited to using in-house technicians. Under PC, it hires Carlton TV for its outside broadcasts — while the BBC's own OB staff sit idly by on full pay.

Eventually this must result in the scrapping of Producer Choice — or the scrapping of the BBC's craft base.

WORLD OF HYPE

THE *Indescribablyboring*, as is well known, does not accept freebies. But it seems to have no compunction about printing shameless plugs.

On 30 May the *Independent on Sunday*'s business section published a long and flattering article, written by James Essinger, about a Geneva-based management consultancy called IDOM. It omitted one salient fact: James Essinger is not only a journalist but the boss of a public-relations firm, James Essinger Associates. And one of the companies which has hired his PR services in recent years is none other than IDOM.

When the *Eye* rang Essinger to ask about this undeclared interest, he cheerfully pleaded guilty. "I'm not denying that it's true," he said. "I'm not working for IDOM any more — I stopped about two months ago — but when I wrote the article I was still involved with them."

PR men — don'tcha love 'em?

I-BSkyB

[Kenneth] Clarke hit the headlines last year when he admitted on Sky TV he had not read the Maastricht Treaty — and doubted the Prime Minister had either.

The Sun

CONTRIBUTOR: Robert Shaw.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
"WE'RE SENDING OUT TWO MILLION QUESTIONNAIRES TO ASK THE PUBLIC WHAT THEY WANT"
Keep-in touch exercise
"BUT WHAT ABOUT 'PRODUCER CHOICE'?"
"IF THE PRODUCERS CHOOSE NOT TO LIKE IT..."
BAR
THEY CAN JOIN THE THOUSANDS OF OTHER REDUNDANCIES!"
"Trebles and backhanders on contracts for non programme making services all round!"
3AR
Cost Cutting Exercise
Ken Pyne

A COMPANY which had among its directors the Tory MP for Rutland and Melton, Alan Duncan, has recently gone into administrative receivership after an appalling record of duplicitous business dealings.

Innovisions, a Manchester-based video company, was bought in October 1989 by a holding company called Bidwalk, owned by Yorkshire entrepreneur Brian Roebuck and aspiring Tory candidate Duncan. At the Tory conference that month Duncan boasted of his decision to buy the major shareholding in Innovisions and move the company to Ripponden, West Yorkshire. Since then it has been downhill all the way, with a series of disputes and lawsuits with supplier firms.

Cash flow problems as a result of accumulating trading losses meant the company couldn't even afford to pay its milk bills on time. A local dairy farm supplied milk until the bill was some ten months' overdue at £140.

On 1 February 1993 Roebuck wrote to Innovisions clients to tell them that future video production work would be done by a sister company, Sidewinder Film and Television Limited, based in Huddersfield. On 2 February Innovisions was put into administrative receivership with an estimated deficiency of assets over liabilities of £178,847, including £55,382 owed to the Yorkshire Bank, which had a floating charge on all company assets.

What is curious about the receivership is that Innovisions was said to own equipment worth a meagre £2,000, while the company's former technical director, Derek Monk, who took early retirement in 1991 and is himself a creditor, has estimated that Innovisions held equipment worth some £50,000 (or £25,000 in a forced sale).

IF IT WEREN'T for its pitiful ratings, last month's *Panorama* LUCKY TO HAVE A JOB might have won a BAFTA comedy award.

It explored how employers use the threat of unemployment and Britain's lack of employment protection law to worsen working conditions — and the programme could have been made without setting foot outside White City.

Almost every single dodge highlighted — "no hours" contracts, 16-hour days (double shifts are the norm in some BBC departments), lay-offs just days before two years of employment to avoid having to meet statutory employment protection obligations — is practised with gusto by the BBC.

Indeed, just days after transmission John Birt's plans to eliminate the 15 percent wage differential between contract and staff employees, compensation for the lack of holiday or pension rights entitlements, was leaked to the press.

UNDER the editorship of Glenwyn "I don't care if only six people are watching" Benson, BBC1's *Panorama* still boasts of its ability to be first with the story.

It came as a surprise, then, to see veteran *Panorama* hack Tom Mangold reporting how major tobacco companies had halted research on a "safer cigarette" because it implied the others were unsafe, thereby leaving themselves open to extensive litigation.

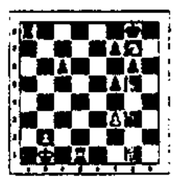
It is almost exactly five years since Granada's *World in Action* broadcast "The Secret of the Safer Cigarette", in July 1988, featuring the inventor of the safer cigarette, Dr James Mold. The *Panorama* programme showed him sitting in exactly the same seat he had sat in five years earlier. The joke among insiders is that *Panorama* is now working on a programme that will show the Birmingham Six are innocent — and will be transmitted in 1995.

DURING the night of 17 May some unkind soul spray painted the graffito "John Birt is a cunt" on to the freshly grey-painted backdrop outside the Territorial Army barracks at the corner of Nightingale Lane and Priory Road in Hornsey.

The set was to be used for the BBC's filming at the barracks, but fortunately the offensive words were painted out when the set-decorators arrived the following morning.

Meanwhile, a robot and an inanimate Dalek have gone on show in the foyer of Woodlands, the BBC Enterprises complex in White City, to mark the 30th anniversary of *Dr Who*. For some reason staff have christened the inanimate grey Dalek John.

CHESS PUZZLE



OUR STORY in the last *Eye* about the forthcoming "world championship" chess match between Nigel Short and Gary Kasparov provoked an avalanche of further information about the dubious role of *The Times*'s chess correspondent Ray Keene, better known as "The Penguin" after his eerie resemblance to the villain in *Batman*.

The Times, which used to pride itself on being an independent journal of record, seems to find nothing odd in the fact that its chess correspondent is an active and controversial participant in the events he covers. But others in the chess world find the Penguin's antics very rum indeed. He wears so many hats it's a wonder he doesn't have a constant headache.

His involvement in the unofficial world championship became apparent right at the start, in February, when the press statement from Short and Kasparov announcing their breakaway from FIDE, the World Chess Federation, advised interested parties to contact a Miss A. Hardman for further information. Miss Hardman turned out to be Ray Keene's nanny.

Bids were invited from anyone interested in staging the contest. One came from *The Times*, Keene's employers. Another was from the London Chess Group, a consortium with which Keene had also tried to involve himself. The Penguin had proposed a budget for the Group that included £170,000 for "expert organisational team" (led, presumably, by himself), £15,000 for "entertaining", £35,000 for "chief organiser's office and secretarial help" and much more in the same vein. Meanwhile, Keene's business partner and former brother-in-law David Levy contacted the City of Manchester, the original bidder for the official FIDE match, offering assistance. "We think we can help you solve your problem," he wrote. "We think you caused it," Manchester angrily replied.

As everyone now knows, the auction was won by *The Times*, even though its bid was £300,000 lower than that from the London Chess Group. The Thunderer has now begun a hysterical campaign to prove that its unofficial championship has wide support in the chess world. "Players Praise Kasparov and Short For Forming New Association" was the typically unbalanced headline over a news story last month, reporting that "leading figures from chess" had "congratulated Gary Kasparov and Nigel Short" on their effective privatisation of the world championship. These "leading figures" turned out to include Sir Rhodes Boyson MP, Lord Archer of Weston-Super-Mare, *Spectator* editor Dominic Lawson and "Tim Rice, the lyricist of the musical *Chess*". Wow.

To help sell tickets for the Kasparov-Short contest, the Penguin and his cronies must persuade punters that the contest is wide open. In fact, victory by Kasparov is a foregone conclusion: the only player in the world today who might offer a serious challenge to Kasparov is the Indian player Viswanath Anand. Even Keene himself knows as much. A couple of years ago, before Short's match against the Dutch grandmaster Jan Timman to decide which of them could take on Kasparov, Keene was asked by the Spanish chess magazine *Jaque* what chances Short or Timman would have against Kasparov. "About 1 per cent," he replied. But now that *The Times* has bought up the match, he is spreading a different story.

Ever on the look-out for further opportunities to enrich himself, the Penguin has hastily cobbled together two books cashing in on the championship — *Nigel Short: World Chess Challenger* and *How to Beat Gary Kasparov*. Critics have pointed out that much of the material in both books is simply lifted from earlier works by Keene.

Plagiarising one's own work is perhaps not a grave offence. But Keene is equally light-fingered with other people's writing. Yet another of his new books, *The Complete Book of Gambits*, has a chapter on Lisitsin's Gambit which is lifted verbatim — and without acknowledgement — from an article in *Inside Chess* magazine by the international master John Donaldson.

The book's publisher, Batsford, has told Donaldson that Keene intended to credit his source but "due to an oversight on his part this became detached and failed to appear in the book... Mr Keene offers his full apologies for this unfortunate oversight, which will be put right on the second edition (or the whole piece dropped if you would prefer)". In reply, Donaldson has asked Batsford to omit his work from any future editions of *The Complete Book of Gambits*.

ORCADIAN NEWS

TO THE surprise of virtually everybody, the inquiry into the Orkney child-snatching saga, commissioned by Orkney Islands council (OIC) and carried out by five of its councillors, has *not* produced a whitewash.

The report followed the enormous scandal in which children were plucked from their beds and taken to the mainland by social workers who, without any evidence, feared they were the victims of abuse.

As soon as the report was published, the OIC announced that social services director Paul Lee had been suspended, albeit on full pay, while disciplinary proceedings were instituted against him. Predictably, Lee has vowed to fight and claims that he is a scapegoat. Such a claim is understandable given that he was only the man in complete charge of the biggest fiasco Scottish social work has ever seen.

Equally predictably, Lee has been offered the full support of the National Association of Social Workers, which has fallen back on the tired old line about the cases not having been tested in court.

But Lee knew the judiciary usually asks for at least a modicum of evidence, and social workers didn't have even that. The law was unlikely to look kindly upon "confessions" gained by Liz McLean after Gestapo-style questioning of children, and there was no other evidence. Moreover, the horrific tales the snatched children could tell the court might well result in social workers being shackled by new laws rather than "controlled" by guidelines that they can ignore when it suits them — as they did in Orkney.

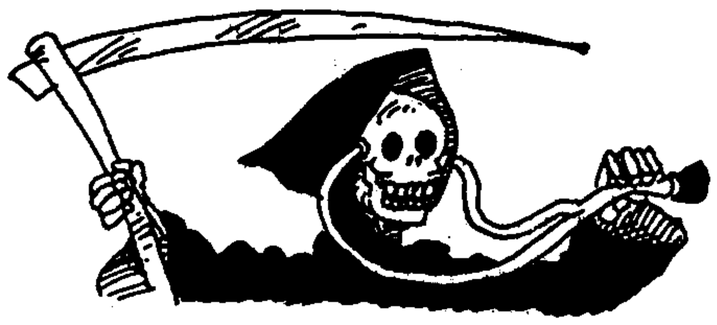
The prosecutions were therefore abandoned to save face — and the abandonment is now being used in an attempt to save Lee. In the meantime, he continues to pick up £900 a week for doing nothing. *Plus ca change...*

Immediately after Lee's suspension was announced, OIC's social services committee chairperson Mairhi Trickett told the local press she would never resign her post. In fact she didn't have to because the OIC kicked her out a week later.

Trickett went on to say that her removal was down to "a small group of trouble-makers in South Ronaldsay who had manipulated the media, dragged the council through the dirt and are now out to get as much money as they can out of us [*sic*]".

Her statement clearly shows the root of the problem. She deeply resents the fact that the families have not only been declared innocent (which means, of course, that she must have been wrong) but are also seeking compensation for trivial matters like removing children from their beds and taking them to places unknown so that they could be forcibly examined and questioned in ways which would bring protests from hardened criminals.

"Traversing the rainforest isn't quite the adventure it used to be"



DOING THE ROUNDS

AN INFORMAL money saving initiative on the cardiac intensive care unit at the United Bristol Healthcare Trust (UBHT) allows the gas supply to be disconnected from the ventilators when not in use.

Unfortunately, the ventilators appear electrically normal while remaining disconnected, and last month a patient died of anoxia as a result.

The disaster might have been averted if the patient, who underwent routine surgery, had not been transferred from the operating theatre to the unit when staff were changing shifts or on their supper break.

Meanwhile the chief executive of UBHT, Dr John Roylance, has been trying to attract custom to his cash-strapped trust by visiting local fundholding GPs. One practice was so impressed with his performance it promptly transferred all its business to the rival **Southmead and Frenchay trusts.**

Dr Roylance's sidekick, Margaret Maisey, has dispensed with the trust's resuscitation officer, a G grade sister who trains the staff to a good standard in resuscitation. Meanwhile James Wishart, the man most likely to succeed Dr Roylance, has been demonstrating his versatility: on 1 May he operated at a private hospital while simultaneously covering emergencies at a supraregional NHS centre for paediatric cardiac surgery.

● HEALTH secretary Virginia Bottomley wasted no time in claiming the credit for Anne Diamond's successful campaign to reduce cot deaths. Yet, when Ms Diamond initially tried to get the DoH to launch a public information campaign, she said "it was like pulling teeth".

In desperation, Diamond made her own TV advertisement and did the DoH's job for it. It was only after her husband had threatened to come to blows with a DoH civil servant that Mrs Bottomley belatedly added her weight to the campaign.

● **TAYSIDE health board** has banned smoking at its **Dundee** headquarters and actively promotes strict no-smoking policies in hospitals and health centres throughout the region. It has also purchased an undisclosed number of shares in Hanson, a third of whose turnover comes from Imperial Tobacco Ltd.

● THE SCHOOL from the now defunct **Westminster Children's hospital** is renting space at the new **Westminster and Chelsea hospital.** To make it more suitable for sick children, the staff decided to paint the ceilings yellow and the window frames red, matching the familiar colour scheme of the old site. Needless to say, managers at the WC have interpreted this as vandalism and are insisting the ceilings and window frames be ripped out and replaced by grey self-maintaining ceiling tiles and grey aluminium frames. Teachers have been told not to stick paintings on the walls or windows because they look "tacky".

● THE IMPECUNIOUS **West Midlands regional health authority** has cut hospital equipment budgets across the region from £40 million to £24 million, despite evident faults in existing equipment. In October 1991, a 54-year-old man died at **Good Hope hospital** when air bubbles entered his bloodstream from what surgeon Mr Wing Lien described as "very poorly maintained and very old instruments". Repeated complaints about the equipment had been "non productive".

● AT LEAST 20,000 nurses in Britain are still appealing against the grades awarded to them up to four years ago. The grades (and pay) are supposed to reflect responsibility, although most nurses are forced to take responsibility for far more than they're paid for. Now **Blackburn, Hyndburn and Ribble Valley health authority** has come up with a solution: it is trying to buy off outstanding appeals with a meagre £500 one-off payment.

Elsewhere, 85 nursing posts are at risk as **Bristol's Frenchay Healthcare trust** tries to overcome a £2.3 million debt, and **Gloucester Health's** chief executive Peter Colclough has axed the county's top nursing post. As director of nursing practice development, Lynne Marcer was responsible for setting the standards of nursing practice throughout the county. Now she has been offered a token post as a quality development manager at **Severn NHS trust.**

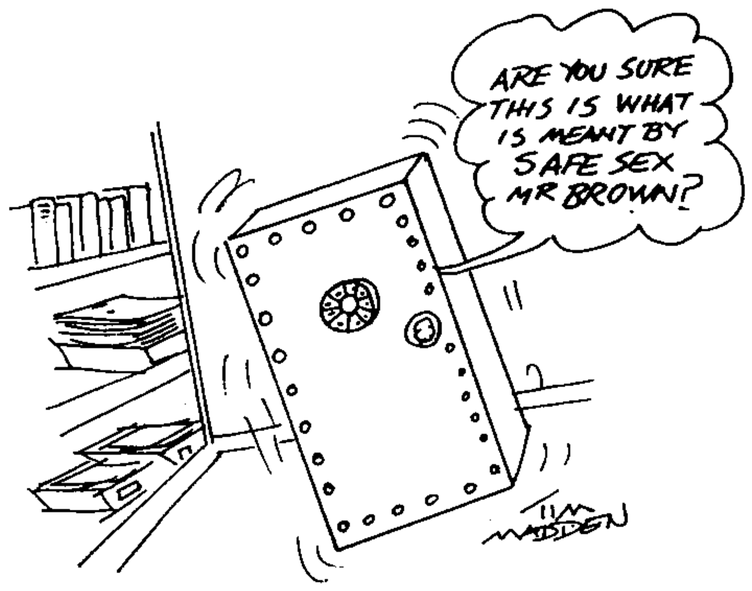
● MANAGERS at the **Springfield geriatric unit** at **Newport's St Woolos hospital** have spent £3,000 on new carpet for the foyer and an illuminated "Welcome to Springfield" sign. Presumably this was for the patients' benefit and nothing to do with the recent anniversary party attended by the mayor, assorted bigwigs and managers from private nursing homes.

● **WEST Midlands regional health authority** has made its legal department redundant, given them handouts averaging £7,000 each — and reemployed them.

The RHA's 40 lawyers have nominally formed their own practice, but they still have the same offices in the RHA's HQ, from which they can rake in even more cash by trying to win outside contracts, the profits going straight to the lawyers' pockets.

They were among 250 staff made redundant last month. The RHA has to retain them to handle the medical negligence and dozens of other cases sparked by the incompetence of the RHA's past bosses.

● IN *Eye* 815, it was suggested that the **Alexandra hospital** in **Redditch** had neglected to collect enough information to bill **Bromsgrove's** three fundholding GP practices for services rendered, and had written off the £100,000 debt. Although this was indeed true, the fundholders magnanimously decided to pay up in full. Back at the Alex, surgical house offices have been clocking up 126 hours some weeks, and averaging 100, despite Mrs Bottomley's claim that none now works more than 83.



Managers at **Pinderfields hospital trust** in **Wakefield** have asked consultants to disregard Mrs Bottomley's deal for junior doctors. An internal memo tells them not to employ external locums to cover periods of absence, to force juniors to cover for each other and to "turn a blind eye to any excess hours". Fortunately, the trust has been rumbled and is hastily backtracking.

● IN the Letters section of *Eye* 821 Lyndsey Dyer, director of the **Patient's Advice Bureau** at **North Western RHA**, accused MD of "getting in a muddle" over her health information helpline. The source of MD's confusion was a GP newsletter, "In the know", which encourages those who want "comprehensive, reliable and accurate information" about the health service to phone 0800 678888 — the number of Acorn Computers. "In the know" is published by North Western RHA.

● THE reinstatement of **Leeds** biochemist Dr Chris Chapman (*Eye* 821) coincides with victory over the government by ex-consultant microbiologist Dr Royce Darnell at the European court of human rights. Dr Darnell was suspended in 1982 from **Derby Royal Infirmary** and subsequently sacked. He has never been allowed a public hearing and the government has now admitted that there has been "undue delay" in dealing with his appeal and have offered to pay "reasonable costs". The case continues...

M.D.

O·B·N

WHY DIANA IS THE MODEL FOR A MODERN MONARCHY

COMMENT BY LADY OLGA MAITLAND

Hello!

Submitted by E. Strobes.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

Sally Deedes

IAN WHITE, a north London publisher, was seduced by a direct mail advert enthusing about the Royal Mail's "special" delivery service: "Why bother with a courier... special delivery offers you extra assurance that your important letters or packets will arrive the next working day after posting."

As publisher of a fortnightly newspaper, he used the service to send photographs to his printer in Telford the day before they were to be printed. They took three days to arrive, missed their slot and caused advertisers to press for compensation.

Royal Mail offered a £10 refund.

WHEN government investment in London Underground fell from £860 million to £570 million earlier this year, one project put on hold for three years was the removal of melamine, bitumen and asbestos which still line some escalators and stations.

Dennis Tunnicliffe, chairman of London Underground, recently wrote to Glenda Jackson, Labour MP for Hampstead, explaining the delay in removing this fire hazardous material.

"Removal of these materials has been completed at 15 stations, but I am afraid that reduced funding means that we are unlikely to be able to carry out the work at the remaining 15 stations as soon as we planned. At the present time we are revising the priority of this work along with other projects to develop a new phasing within the projected low levels of government funding over the next two years."

HUSBAND

RAILWAY NEWS

NEWS that the former British Rail Engineering Ltd (BREL), now privatised in the guise of Swedish-owned ABB Transportation Ltd, is about to shed another 900 jobs is further reason for John MacGregor to drop his daft pursuit of the railways (destruction) bill.

MacGregor has rubbished the consultants' report on the additional costs of rail privatisation as "preposterous", but he is ignoring the facts. Take the supply of rolling stock, for example, from the former BR workshops at York, now part of the multinational ABB.

ABB's problem is that current orders for rolling stock dry up in 1995, and the treasury's sop of a £150 million leasing authority to BR does little to help either of the two major railway vehicle suppliers in the UK.

When BREL was privatised, the rules for buying new trains were changed. The contractor now bears all design and development costs with strict guarantees that trains won't come to a standstill at the first sight of the wrong kind of leaves or snow. Thus the price of an ordinary four-coach multiple unit train has now *doubled from a not very cheap £1.4 million in 1990 to a very expense £3 million-plus in 1993.*

Three years ago £150 million would have fully equipped the London Tilbury & Southend Misery line with 100 new trains, much to the pleasure of vocal Essex Tories. Today only 40 of the oldest trains could be replaced under the new rules (and even those will have a working retirement in Manchester or Leeds).

Research in this month's *Modern Railways* magazine by technical editor Roger Ford shows how the costs of new diesel multiple units (like Sprinters) and electric multiple units hovered around the £400,000 per carriage mark at 1990 prices. But lo and behold, the cost of building Regional Railways' class 158 trains and all subsequent multiple units has been an extra £150,000 or more per vehicle. Even the relatively basic class 323 vehicles being supplied to the West Midlands cost in real terms nearly twice the price of the complex, dual-voltage class 319 trains of the late 1980s.

Rising prices, rising job losses and reduced services sound familiar, but as any Tory will tell you they — and privatisation — are the only way to avoid the exorbitant costs of nationalised industries...

REGIONAL RAILWAYS, hit by recession and falling subsidy, is trying to lose more money by alienating cyclists.

In May it slapped a £3 flat fare on the carriage of bicycles for every journey. InterCity has made such a charge for some time, but a £6 return ticket on a long journey is less hard to swallow if you are paying a typical fare of £40 or more. Regional Railways provides *local* trains for much shorter journeys, so taking a bike a few miles will now cost about £2 for yourself (return) and £6 for the bike.

Typically, Regional has a stack of pathetic excuses. The main one is that its trains aren't big enough to take bikes. So cyclists must suffer for BR's piss-poor train design.

The bad attitude to cyclists seems to come from the top. Sir Bob Reid once gave cyclists the friendly advice not to go anywhere they couldn't get back from by bike. And he reckons that only 0.5 per cent of his customers take bikes on trains. In reality, the proportion of rail passengers who are cyclists at some time or other is probably more like 5 per cent — a proportion Regional can ill afford to offend.

If Sir Bob's claim of 0.5 per cent is correct, however, it is only because BR's shortsighted policy has already deterred most cyclists. Only one bike, for example, is carried on many scenic lines, ruling out the use of a train by cyclists who tour in twos and threes. Many services take a single bike on a first come, first served basis: so turn up at Barmouth when someone already has a bike on the train and you must wait three hours for the next one.

The latest restrictions will force the 0.5 per cent figure down even further and soon — as with the lines BR wants to close — Sir Bob will be able to say that since practically no one takes bikes on trains any more, BR is withdrawing its bike facilities altogether.

POLICE 5

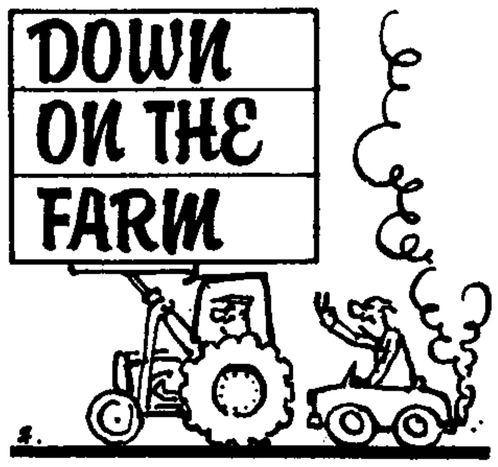
THE efforts of Britain's most corrupt cops, West Midlands, to woo Lionel Jones, Labour chairman of the local police authority, have come to nothing.

During his tenure Jones has had an unstinting supply of mobile phones, chauffeur-driven limos and drinking partners from the force. The Birmingham Labour councillor was recently absent from his party's important annual group meeting because he was was abroad on an even more important fact-finding freebie with his chief constable, Ron "Biffo" Hadfield.

Lionel has not exactly screamed his condemnation of West Midlands police from the rooftops. Given their controversial record, this is jolly convenient for the discredited Knackers.

Unfortunately, however, Lionel's colleagues have had enough. First his ward party deselected him; now he has been deposed as Birmingham's lead member on the police authority and a new chairperson will be appointed.

"Come on in, we know you're out there!"



with 'New Muckspreader'

ROGER EDDY, the vet fined £1,500 by Wiltshire magistrates last December for causing "unnecessary suffering" to a pig — he had sent it off for slaughter in a straw-lined horse-box after an abscess was found on its back leg (*Eye* 818) — has finally seen sanity and justice prevail.

At his appeal at Swindon crown court last week, he was cleared of all charges, leaving Wiltshire county council — or its equally abused council taxpayers — to pick up the tab for an estimated £25,000 legal fees.

Evidence was presented at the original case by Nigel Dunsford, Wiltshire's chief animal health inspector, an official known in veterinary and farming circles as a "man with a mission" to stop the transporting of any injured animals, or "casualties" off the farm. Dunsford had shown magistrates the offending pig's leg, abscess to the fore, sawn off a year earlier and in a slightly "high" condition after having been kept in a freezer for the year it took the case to get to court.

A female member of the bench had nearly vomited when the rotting leg was placed in front of her. Once the magistrates had seen it, Eddy knew the case was lost. There had been no discussion as to whether the animal, which had been able to walk on and off the vehicle unaided, had been in pain.

At the crown court, numerous veterinary experts attested that the chronic condition for which Eddy had mercifully consigned the pig to slaughter, was relatively painless, although unsightly. This court found that magistrates had reacted to the unsightly appearance of the abscess rather than listened to the evidence.

Once again, willing but inept lay magistrates have shown their inability to judge technical cases. Eddy says matters such as these, where experts are in dispute, should be heard before a tribunal of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Mr Meldrum, chief veterinary officer for MAFF — whose divisional vet Andrew MacFarland enthusiastically supported the prosecution — thinks otherwise. Wiltshire charge-payers, the poorer for £25,000, may have good reason to agree with Mr Eddy.

THE CROSS-PARTY select committee looking into the work of the parliamentary ombudsman has produced a startling report on the agriculture ministry's attempts to cheat egg producers out of their rightful compensation during the early days of the abortive compulsory slaughter programme for salmonella infected egg-laying flocks (Eye 816).

"Maladministration underlined three times," was the chilling verdict of the committee chairman, James Pawsey MP.

The ministry, the MPs found, showed an amazing disregard for the principles of fairness and legality. Poultry owners were faced with a desperate crisis, which for many would mean bankruptcy. After hearing evidence of how MAFF ministers and officials tried to avoid the law in cheating the poultrymen, the committee was "astonished that MAFF should have treated so unfairly men and women already vulnerable and under extreme pressure".

What amazed egg producers and independent veterinary experts throughout the whole slaughter programme was that MAFF vets, under the inspired leadership of Mr Meldrum (see Eyes passim), failed to show the slightest interest in finding out how salmonella-affected flocks became infected. Nor, for two years, would the ministry allow anyone else to carry out this vital work. Instead, every type of pressure, from threats to criminal prosecution, was exerted on flock owners to seek speedy slaughter of flocks in a policy which was to become known as "shoot and scoot".

On this, Dr Richard Cawthorne, Meldrum's right hand man and salmonella supremo, had an answer for the committee. "It is all very well to be critical of what we did in 1989, but the plain fact of the matter is that we did not have the knowledge," he said, mindless of the irony that much of his work prevented the acquisition of that knowledge.

How unfair it was of the splendid Michael Lord, Conservative MP for Suffolk Central and a select committee member, not to accept the excuse. "I believe that people told the ministry at the time precisely what a waste of time the whole exercise was and where it would end, and it has ended where they were told it would end," he told Cawthorne.

Old Macdonald
ALBERT
THAT'S WITHERING'S TWIN VILLAGE IN THE URALS FRANK. WE WERE INVITED OVER FOR THE WEEKEND.
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT OVER THERE! THERE'S NO CENTRAL CONTROL LEFT WHATSOEVER! THE PLACE IS AWASH WI' TOXIC CHEMICALS AN' NOBODY GIVES A BUGGER!! NO CHECKS ON QUALITY! NO CHECKS ON HYGINE AN' MOST OF 'EM SEEM TO SPEND THE DAY IN AN ALCOHOLIC STUPER!
WERE GOIN' FOR A FORTNIGHT NEXT YEAR!

ROTTEN BOROUGHS

MURKEYSIDE

ASIL NADIR isn't the only businessman persecuted by the fraud squad whose choice of wristwear is causing controversy.

The name of Derek Hatton, Murkeyside's homegrown entrepreneur, was raised in court last month in connection with the "gift" of a watch worth £2,000.

The case involved Staffordshire businessman John Shutt, who was convicted of defrauding the Prudential by claiming that his £2,000 Rolex Oyster had been stolen from his house after a burglary. In fact, it was gracing Degsy's arm at the time.

Shutt's problems started when he boarded the Euston to Liverpool train in June 1991 well soused, and found himself in the company of the ex-Militant male model. Hatton admired Shutt's watch, but wondered if it was genuine. Degsy then subjected it to the sophisticated "Rolex test" by dropping the valued timepiece into a pint of lager. A smiling Hatton then fished it out, pronouncing it kosher.

Shutt left the train at Stafford, where he was arrested as drunk and disorderly. In his state, he failed to notice that his Rolex was journeying north with the stranger on the train.

Hatton's recollection was that he'd put the watch back into poor old Shutt's overcoat as the latter staggered on to the platform. This failed to explain, however, why Hatton went around wearing the timepiece for a full five months. Hatton's faulty memory only came to light when fraud squad officers recovered the watch from him — he'd previously denied he had it — and returned it to Shutt in December 1991. Shutt's own case was delayed until Hatton was acquitted of fraud at his mega-million trial in Mold.

Degsy must have a thing about watches. *Eye* readers will recall his cringe-inducing Bollinger Bolshevik advertising role on behalf of Sekonda two years ago, before "Operation Cheetah" clouded over his media career. It now appears he was two-timing Sekonda by wearing a Rolex off screen!

In fact Liverpool pub comedians always claimed Hatton had *another* watch — with a big hand, a little hand and a back hand. But in the light of recent court verdicts, such suggestions should be dismissed as malicious falsehoods.

Mr Shutt, however, *is* doing time for fraud while Degsy entertains businessmen with after-dinner speeches at £1,750 a throw — almost enough to buy a Rolex Oyster. Degsy certainly hasn't let the buggers get *him* down.

HACKNEY

BRITAIN'S poorest borough has found an ingenious way to tackle its mounting rent arrears crisis — paying consultants £500 a day while not hauling in much in the way of missing cash.

The consultants, CSL, have recently moved into new offices two doors down from the council's finance directorate, doubtless keen to commemorate two-and-a-half years of concerted campaigning to cut the council's outstanding rent bill.

During this time CSL has received around £2 million in fees, rent-free accommodation, heating, lighting, cleaning, telephone bills and stationery — and the council's rent arrears have nearly doubled, notwithstanding the annual £2 million-odd write-off in unretrievable debts!

Councillor Bernard Zissman

ON 23 APRIL we reported that Councillor Bernard Zissman had obtained free accommodation at the Birmingham Hyatt Hotel and free VIP treatment at the Hyatt's New York equivalent. We accept that there is no foundation for these statements nor for any suggestion that Coun Zissman had abused his position or used chargepayers' money for improper purposes. We regret any distress and embarrassment caused to Coun Zissman by our original report.

London-based office of a Greek broking firm, requires a work-alcoholic competitive chartering broker as Owners broker for a fleet of about 30.

Salary commensurate with experience.

Advertisement in Lloyd's List

BIRMINGHAM

BIRMINGHAM'S Labour leaders are at war after another round of bloodletting in the city's ridiculous press office.

The office — grandly named "the directorate of public affairs" — costs council taxpayers about £250,000 a year and generates almost as many bad headlines as the rest of the council put together.

The latest shock is the removal of Jo Scard, who was installed by self-styled media guru and consultant Vincent Hanna during his £1,200-a-day "revamp" of the city's image. Scard, who worked for Labour as a press officer during the last election and then helped Hanna rubbish the party's performance in a TV documentary, is being replaced by another socialist apparatchik, Myra Benson.

Her chief claim to media fame is appearing as the "other woman" in a 1985 *News of the World* "exclusive" on a love triangle involving West Midlands Nalgo organiser Sid Platt. Platt left his wife, who worked for Nalgo, and their two children to move in with Benson, who was then Nalgo's London-based press officer.

Benson's new appointment was not an easy one, however. Labour group secretary Albert Bore was particularly incensed. Platt is also known to have had a number of close political discussions with Bore's wife and fellow councillor, Najma Hafeez.

Bore was no doubt worried about accusations of undue political influence. But Benson is in now — so Birmingham will stay in the news.

LAMBETH

NEARLY six months after Lambeth admitted "losing" around £10 million of public money, those in charge of the corrupt council are getting their "comeuppance".

In the case of Martin Mancey, former assistant director of operational services, this means a new job at Labour-controlled Hull city council where is in charge of the borough's direct Labour organisation and receives an annual salary of £49,000.

Remarkably, when appointing Mancey Hull knew that he had been suspended by Lambeth, but it did not know that Mancey had been involved in a £200,000 profit-sharing scheme which the district auditor had described as "unlawful". It does now.

Meanwhile more bizarre examples of Lambeth's profligacy come to light. The council's own auditors have found, for instance, that it spent £71,621 on two gas fires which normally cost £501 each. This may explain why the district auditor's original estimate of missing money has had to be doubled, with some £20 million still to be accounted for.

ENERGY

BIG PROFITS and annual increases in shareholders' divi of around 20 percent were predicted by PowerGen at its shareholders' meeting on 7 June.

The news was received happily by shareholders, the trick having been accomplished largely by sacking 1,100 staff. Ed Wallis, chief executive, said the government white paper on coal, effectively shutting down that industry, had also contributed to the rosy outlook.

So has the high price he gets for his electricity. This price is now being investigated by Offer, the office of electricity regulation, to see whether PowerGen and its Siamese twin, National Power (they are joined at the grid), have been manipulating the "pool" price.

The "pool" dominates bidding for contracts between large electricity users, and this works through the system. The pool price is decided by a balancing act between supply and demand *every half an hour*. The sums are hideously complicated. No human being could do them, so a computer runs the show. Unfortunately, the software programme has been judged inadequate and the grid is trying to improve it. It has so far cost the public £15 million to run.

The computer, with a little help from National Power and PowerGen, produced a pool price in April this year *32 percent higher than the previous April*. This happened when the price of coal has been *reduced* by 20 percent in the new contracts, and the first of the giant gas-fired power stations has come on stream. They were supposed to bring *down* the cost of electricity. Instead, British Coal has found it is receiving 20 percent less from selling coal to the generators but is forced to pay far more for the electricity which the coal produces.

Peter Rost, spokesman of the Major Energy Users' Council (MEUC) and formerly a Tory MP, says: "It has all to do with the strange bidding-in system at the pool whereby the last generator called up fixes the price for the rest. So you only have to feed in a high-cost generator at a marginal top-up and everybody gets a nice fat price. They know what the demand is at any one time so they can work it quite easily."

"They" are the two big generating companies, but they deny collusion. The technical director of MEUC, Dr Richard Wills, says, choosing his words with care: "They are not breaking the law but they are exploiting the rules in every possible way to their own advantage. As to collusion, they are like a married couple who never talk to one another but have a perfect understanding of each other's position."

IT NOW seems highly likely that France was at least partly responsible for the worst nuclear accident since Chernobyl.

An explosion in April at the Russian Tomsk-7 military reprocessing plant sent clouds of radioactivity into the surrounding countryside. At least 40 square miles of Siberian forest — and anyone unfortunate enough to be living in it — was contaminated.

Following the disclosure that Cogema, France's equivalent of British Nuclear Fuels, had arranged to reprocess some of its irradiated fuel at Tomsk (*Eye* 819), we have acquired a Russian translation of the contract. An intriguing document it is, too.

Numbered N54-02/60006, it shows that the deal dated back to 1974, although it appears the first consignment of spent fuel was not delivered until some time in 1992 or 1993 (under an appendix to the contract that was signed in March 1991). What must concern Cogema most, however, is a commitment in the document "to develop and confirm in 1992 the payment for radioactive emissions and dumping of wastes".

As the bill for cleaning up the vast area contaminated by the accident is certain to run into billions of dollars, the French attempt to get some of its dirty fuel reprocessed on the cheap (the contract would have cost Cogema $20 million to $30 million a year) threatens to prove the ultimate false economy.

Letters

Church fated

Sir,

Picking up your magazine at random I happened upon the Nooks & Corners piece (EYE 821) on St Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, and its fate after the latest IRA outrage. Piloti is entitled to his views on Quinlan Terry's architectural principles; but how strange to find him apparently annoyed, when the Church is strapped for money and insurance payments are too small, that St Helen's next door should have raised huge sums towards its own rebuilding.

His sneering reference to "well-heeled hand-waving City evos" ignores — just as well, perhaps — the large number of not so well-off students who also worship at St Helen's. True, I have not been there lately, but in the past St Helen's was not a hand-waving, "slap-clappy" place. What it certainly was, though, was grossly overcrowded with late 19th century internal furnishings that made it extremely difficult to accommodate a large and attentive congregation in anything like a sensible way. If the vile activities of the IRA have made reorganisation not just possible but imperative, it would be the height of folly not to proceed. Surely churches are there to be used, not to be preserved in antiquarian aspic?

Meanwhile the future of St Ethelburga's itself deserves to be considered in a calmer way than is easily possible when the mind is distracted by the ruderies of your correspondent. Would he have been as offensive about Sir Christopher Wren?

Yours faithfully,
HUMPHREY OSMOND,

Cheltenham.

Disharmony

Sir,

I enjoyed your Classic-FM Rhyming Slang (EYE 821). However, the entry "Wagner's RING — Not Quite The Thing" reminds me that the station did broadcast the whole RING cycle over four Saturday evenings — each opera being on exactly one week before Radio 3 broadcast it!

Interestingly, the BBC made a last-minute decision a few months ago to televise live a performance of Verdi's opera STIFFELIO on the same evening as Classic FM broadcast another opera by Verdi. The BBC's decision was made too late for the opera to be advertised in the RADIO TIMES.

It's amazing that the pious "Pope" Nicholas Kenyon categorically denies that his Radio 3 and Classic FM are in competition, and claims that the two stations are chasing completely different audiences.

Yours sincerely,
DAFYDD PRICE JONES,

Finchampstead, Berkshire.

"Today, the three Rs..."

Branching out

Sir,

Gershon Cohen (EYE 821) has got it wrong in his correction of Cyril Howard (EYE 820) in his correction of Julian Spalding (EYE 819).

"Hanukah" is a Jewish religious festival during which candles are lit on a nine-branch candelabrum called a "hanukiah". The menorah was the eight-branched candelabrum used in the temple and now an emblem of Judaism and the State of Israel, although sometimes represented as seven-branched.

That's enough candelabra. This correspondence is now snuffed out.

Yours faithfully,
MARTIN W GORDON,

Northwich, Cheshire.

Spellbound

Sir,

I was totally sickened (D. Spart) by what appeared to be racist slurs in your attack on Nkechi Amalu-Johnson (EYE 821).

Presumably you think she is "crazily-named" because the name she has chosen for herself sounds a bit African and is difficult for you to pronounce! And you call the doll among her possessions "voodoo" because its owner is black, not because she had stuck pins into it.

Come on, you don't need to descend to this to get a politician whose antics and abysmal judgement make her unusual even in the Tory party.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN RUTHERFORD,

London SW16.

Lookalike

Jane Clark

Mary Archer

Sir,

Has anyone noticed the remarkable resemblance between Mrs Jane Clark, wife of the former cabinet minister and self-confessed adulterer Alan Clark, and the fragrant Mrs Mary Archer, wife of the former cabinet minister Jeffrey Archer? I wonder if they can be in any way related, if only through marriage?

Yours sincerely,
STAN SMITH

Dundee.

Midge swotter

Sir,

Laudable though Tony Kinsella's trashing of Midge Ure (EYE 821) may be, in order to be fair to the possessor of the worst moustache in the history of popular music, I must correct two factual errors made by Mr Kinsella.

Unfortunately, Slik were not one-hit wonders, as their follow-up to the execrable Forever and Ever, called Requiem (different title, same song) also made the Top 30. Besides this, our Midge has, in fact, managed two completely crap number one records. The second (and, it is to be fervently hoped, last) record with which he topped the UK singles chart, for one week in October 1985, bore the title "If I Was". The song was a pale rip-off of the old Tim Hardin classic "If I Were A Carpenter", and was included on Midge's album The Gift, probably so-called because the only way to shift copies was to give it away.

Yours poptastically,
BARRIE FRANCIS,

Cardiff.

LUVVIES

"What about Daniel Day Lewis?" I volunteer. "He researches with great zeal," I add, "and in fact reminds me of a Talmudic scholar searching for clues to illuminate his performance to ensure a seamless transplant from his soul with fiction."

STEVEN BERKOFF
Sunday Times

This is the fourth time in five years she has worked with Peter Hall, a director she adores. 'If Peter said, "I want you to dive into the deep end of an empty swimming pool," I would probably do it,' she says. 'I really do trust him'.

GERALDINE JAMES
Mail on Sunday

Submitted by Sharon Buckley, Ms S.L. Randle.

An occasional column featuring gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

The pits

Sir,

Reading EYE 820, I note that:

British Coal is being damaged by cheap imports of coal from countries where exploited child labour is used, such as Colombia; and Birmingham's children's homes are still making a generous contribution to the city's crime figures, due to the uncontrolled anti-social lifestyle of some inmates.

Am I alone in seeing an obvious way of solving the two problems at once? All that it needed is the repeal of some Victorian legislation.

Yours faithfully,
HANDEL S. KARDAS,

Basingstoke, Hants.

Pretty silly

Sir,

I supposed that the purpose of Pseuds Corner was to pillory pretentiousness. Popular perception has it that PRIVATE EYE is produced by a posse of public school poofters who have no appreciation of the prettier sex. (That's enough alliteration. Me) It is perhaps for this reason that EYE 820 included the quote from Terence Trent D'Arby in this column.

To those (surprisingly few) men who really like and value women, D'Arby's words, far from being pretentious, will be seen as what they are, a reverent statement of love and thankfulness. They are as out of place in Pseuds Corner as was Leonard Cohen's mordant wit a few weeks ago — or perhaps your compiler did not recognise irony either?

Yours faithfully,
ROD PARKES.

Rotterdam, The Netherlands.

PS: Good to see the return of Footnotes — I shall not be cancelling my subscription.

Make free with the truth

Sir,

Helga Graham's claim that women and children related to armed Saudi criminals had been executed was a complete fabrication. It seems that little has changed since the crusades as far as the Euro's understanding of Muslims and Islam is concerned. Writers feel free to jot down anything that comes into their heads and editors, anxious for a "Pagan Savages" story print away with impunity.

Actually, the women and children have been sent to different parts of the country to be reeducated about Islam (their sect was a Saudi "Waco"-style group who had lived in isolation for years in the desert). No executions of non-combatants or non-arms dealers took place. Contact: World Association of Muslim Youth (WAMY), Jeddah, Saudi (P.O. Box 8856) if you want the truth.

Yours faithfully,
U BARRY,

Dar Al Ber Society, Dubai.

I-SPY *Bristol*

Submitted by P. Nocher. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Sneering committee

Sir,

I re-read Paul Foot on Patten's education "reforms" expecting to find a Lutheran tract fit only to be nailed to a church door. I found instead a well-rounded comment upon the dogmatism — religious or otherwise — of those emplaced Thatcherites so hell-bent on wrecking education and everything else in this country that still can work reasonably well.

Instead of lambasting Mr Foot for what she perceives to be his anti-Catholicism, your correspondent Anne Saunders (Letters, EYE 821) should save her ire for cases more deserving. And we need angry, articulate polemicists like Paul Foot — haircut and all — more than ever.

I shall wear my OBN with pride!

Yours faithfully,
RICHARD BUTTERWORTH,

Stoke Newington.

Right bigot

Sir,

The idea that Paul Foot is anti-Catholic is ludicrous. He is a champion of civil rights for Ulster Catholics, and was an exceptionally well-informed and articulate defender of the Guildford Four and the Birmingham 6.

What Foot objects to is Patten's right-wing politics, not his religion. His policies have annoyed at least one Catholic school teacher of my acquaintance who rather wishes that John Patten was of another faith.

Yours etc,
TOM CARTER,

Somerton, Somerset.

Monkey puzzle

Sir,

I took the advice of Ann Saunders (Letters 821) and replaced Catholic/Catholicism by Jew/Judaism and Muslim/Islam and I was as perturbed by the idea that the making of educational policy should be in their hands as in the hands of Roman Catholics or Christian fanatics: or, for that matter, in the hands of agnostics or unquestioning believers in the Darwinian theory of evolution.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES FYFFE,

London NW6.

Footing the Bulls

Sir,

Stick with Footie, he's all right.

Yours faithfully,
MARK "KING CHARLES SPANIEL" BULL/ MARK "WELSH BORDER" BULL/ MARK "SHORT HAIRED" BULL/ MARK "HEINZ 57 VARIETIES" BULL/ MARK "CAN'T MAKE HIS MIND UP" BULL/ MARK "STUPID BLOODY NICKNAME" BULL,

Ebbw Vale, Gwent.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"Obviously... supporters running on the pitch... leaves a sour taste in everybody's mind."
ALAN SMITH, Crystal Palace Clubline
(Ben Roxby)

"Oh, come on now — he's talking about blacks. Let's call a spade a spade."
GERALD HARPER on Winston Churchill MP, LBC
(Renée Ware)

"Well, he wasn't an obvious homosexual. I mean, he didn't push it down people's... er... noses."
JIMMY EDWARDS'S EX-WIFE, Radio 4
(Paul Doherty)

"Venison and Butcher — they're both as brave as two peas in a pod."
JOHN SILLETT, Central TV
(J.M. Donovan)

"Salman Rushdie knew exactly what he was doing... he was playing with fire, sailing close to the wind and sticking his neck out."
TOBY JESSEL, BBC
(Dr Meyrick Emrys-Roberts)

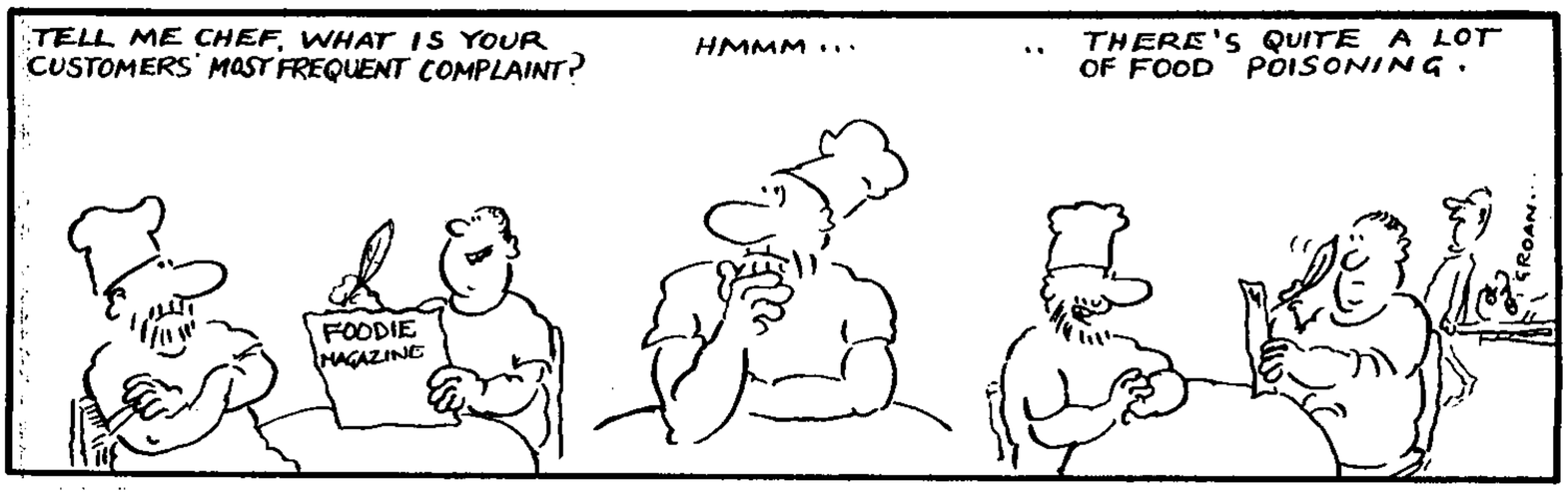
BRIEFS

Hanoi Unveils Larger Dong

Phnom Penh Post

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN


TELL ME CHEF, WHAT IS YOUR CUSTOMERS' MOST FREQUENT COMPLAINT?
HMMM ...
.. THERE'S QUITE A LOT OF FOOD POISONING.
FOODIE MAGAZINE
CROAN

Letter from **Madrid**

from Our Own Correspondent

MULTI-BILLION peseta corruption scandals did not stop Spaniards from giving Felipe Gonzalez and the socialists a fourth successive victory in the general election at the beginning of June.

Time will tell if their trust was misplaced, like the backhanders that nearly cost the party dear; but the result was certainly quite unaccounted for in the pollsters' predictions of a dead heat.

Over the last decade Gonzalez has guided Spain from a second rate holiday destination to a get-rich-quick speculator's paradise where some, especially politicians, it seems, get rich quicker than others.

The Italians may do it with *brio*, but we Spaniards are no slouches when it comes to cooking the books. The graffiti on the streets says *CORRUPSOE*, a reference to the mounting charges against officials from the ruling PSOE party whose fingers are in too many paellas.

The *mierda* was about to hit the fan in the long-running Filesa case, a £4.5 million scam involving illegal party funding via a series of bogus consultancy reports billed to leading Spanish companies, when Gonzalez called the election. When it eventually does, heads will roll.

There is also evidence of contract-winning companies paying the socialists for work on the Seville Expo, the high speed AVE train and anything else that moved, breaking all the rules the socialists themselves invented to outlaw company political donations.

Spain's Olympic year was barely over than the government started setting records of its own. Unemployment shot up to 20 per cent — we are still haemorrhaging 2,000 jobs a day — and Gonzalez's monetary policy sent the peseta tumbling through four devaluations in six months.

In an attempt to clean up the party's sullied image and divert attention from the economy, Gonzalez kicked off his electioneering by signing up dashing, drug-busting judge Baltasar Garzon as his number two on the Madrid candidates list. Garzon was a public hero for his tough stance against the traditional coke and hash smuggling industries of Galicia and Andalucia, but critics say he won't last long in a barrel full of bad apples.

At least the PSOE has its ebullient, articulate leader to thank for a lot more personality votes than the PP got for its leader, Jose Maria Aznar, nicknamed "the robot". When they met in May, John Major showed a former foreign secretary's grasp of foreign affairs when he described Aznar as the next Spanish PM. As dull as ditchwater and just as charismatic, Aznar's most appealing post election promise — to shave off his stupid moustache if he lost — is yet to be realised.

Gonzalez may have won the election, but he lost his overall majority. The talk now is of "informal deals" — an unfortunate choice of phrase given recent events — and the likely option is an unofficial coalition with the Basque or Catalan parties, though Gonzalez may have to pay for it by bowing to their bolshie nationalist demands.

The Communist-led Izquierda Unida (IU, or United Left) will keep ranting from the sidelines at the PSOE (Spanish Socialist Workers' Party) whose politics are a long way from the fundamentalist utopia of the IU. But then the PSOE has never had much in common with the paper-waving Trots found outside Brixton tube.

For now that the domino effect of falling socialist governments has stopped at the Pyrenées, we remain the last resort of such principled socialist policies as privatisation, imprisoning conscientious objectors, reducing dole entitlement and screwing the unions.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

PHILIP THOMPSON

o "THEY DIED of the Magum. No doubt about it" a Nigerian juju man declared, after the bodies of Misibu Osaho and Mrs Iyabo Elejogun were discovered locked together in sexual congress.

For several months, Mrs Elejogun had been conducting an illicit affair with Osaho, a thirty-year-old battery charger, making love on the floor of his Lagos shop. Elejogun's jealous husband hired juju men, and

asked them to cast the Magum spell, which would make it impossible for them to separate after sex, and cause them to die with worms crawling from their mouths.

Police thought it more probable that the couple had accidentally electrocuted themselves when their legs touched exposed wires on the battery chargers. *(New African, October 1992. Spotter — Patrick Owen)*

— o —

o *FOR SEVERAL MONTHS prior to the launch of its Science Fiction Channel, a cable TV company in Columbia, South Carolina, occupied the empty screen by pointing a camera at a fish tank. When the SF channel finally began broadcasting, thousands of angry viewers phoned in to complain, saying the fishies were better than the proper programmes and demanding the return of the tank. The aquarium has now been given its own show, which is pulling in high ratings and is transmitted for fourteen hours a day.* (The Globe and Mail, 5th May 1993. Spotter — Brendan Joseph O'Bryne)

— o —

o "WE EXPECT PEOPLE to take the piss on occasions, but this was too much," policeman James Flyn told a Dublin court.

The officer described how, after arresting Harry Flynn on a drink-driving charge, the defendant had been taken to the police station and asked to supply some urine for tests. "The accused provided a sample but then, bold as brass, he snatched back the evidence and drank the lot down in one. The doctor and me were stunned. Then he got down on his knees, put his hands over the back of his head and said 'Don't shoot me.' I've never seen anything like it."

Flynn was fined IR£1,000. *(Belfast Telegraph, 29th April 1993. Spotter — Rosie McMichael)*

— o —

o *"I'M LEAVING my balls to the Royal Bank of Scotland, because that lot certainly haven't got any," Lord Erskine of Rerrick has announced.*

The peer was so outraged with the bank for preventing him from cashing in on £1,000,000 in trust funds, that he altered his will. "The bank will get the entire scrotum, to put it in a nutshell."

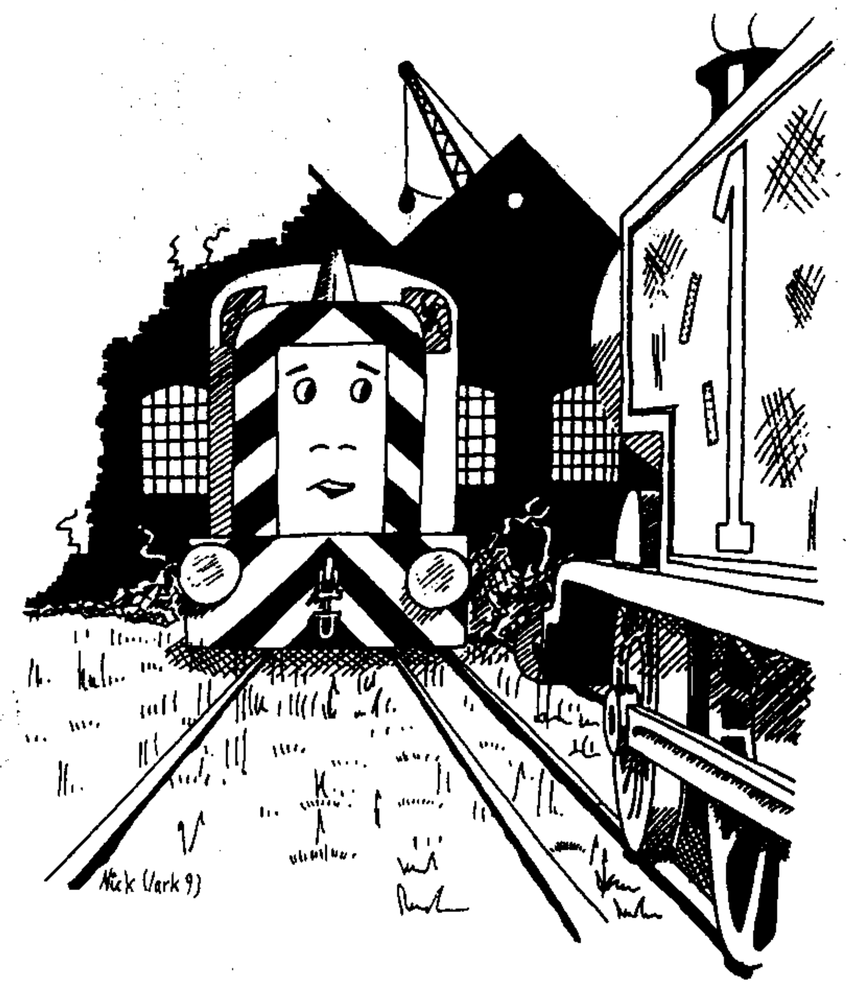
A bank spokesman said: "The bequest is not appropriate. We are a high street bank, not a sperm bank". (?? Hong Kong [full title illegible], 23 March 1993. Spotter — Emma Roberts)

Compiled by
Victor Lewis-Smith

THOMAS

THE PRIVATISED TANK ENGINE

Thomas returns to his roots



"I CAN'T go on like this," wheezed Thomas one evening. "I haven't had a check-up for months, let alone proper repairs."

"Very well, Thomas," said the Fat Controller kindly. "I'll give you a week off and you can get yourself some treatment."

"But where? The big factory was privatised years ago."

"Just shop around. Find the lowest bidder for the job."

The journey to the factory where Thomas was built was a long way for an old engine. And he was in for a shock at the end of it.

"What the hell...?" whooshed Thomas when he saw the bulldozers and cranes smashing down the factory walls.

Eventually he found Shaun the Shunting Engine dozing in a rusty siding.

"Hello, Thomas. What are you doing in this neck of the woods?" "I've come for repairs."

"Repairs! Are you mad? The factory was closed down months ago."

Thomas thought he was having a nightmare. "But if the factory is closed, who's going to build the new trains?"

"What new trains? This country doesn't need any more new trains," said Shaun.

"You're pulling my wheel. I mean, the Imperial War Museum has been asking to buy me for ten years,"

"How come? You weren't built till just after the war."

"That's besides the point. I look as though I've been caught in the blitz, don't I?"

Shaun had to agree.

"So my new private owners will soon be investing in my successor, Thomas Turbo," said Thomas.

"Thomas, you've got your chimney in the clouds. Do you think you're generating enough profit to justify investment?"

Thomas felt embarrassed as he realised he'd been taken in by the ridiculous notion that privatisation meant private investment. He was still a little confused, however. "But the older we trains get the more it costs to maintain us, the more unreliable we become, and the more dispirited passengers we lose."

"Correct."

"So tell me, Shaun, why won't the country need any more trains?"

"Because there won't be any railways to run them on."

Shaun had always been good at explaining things.

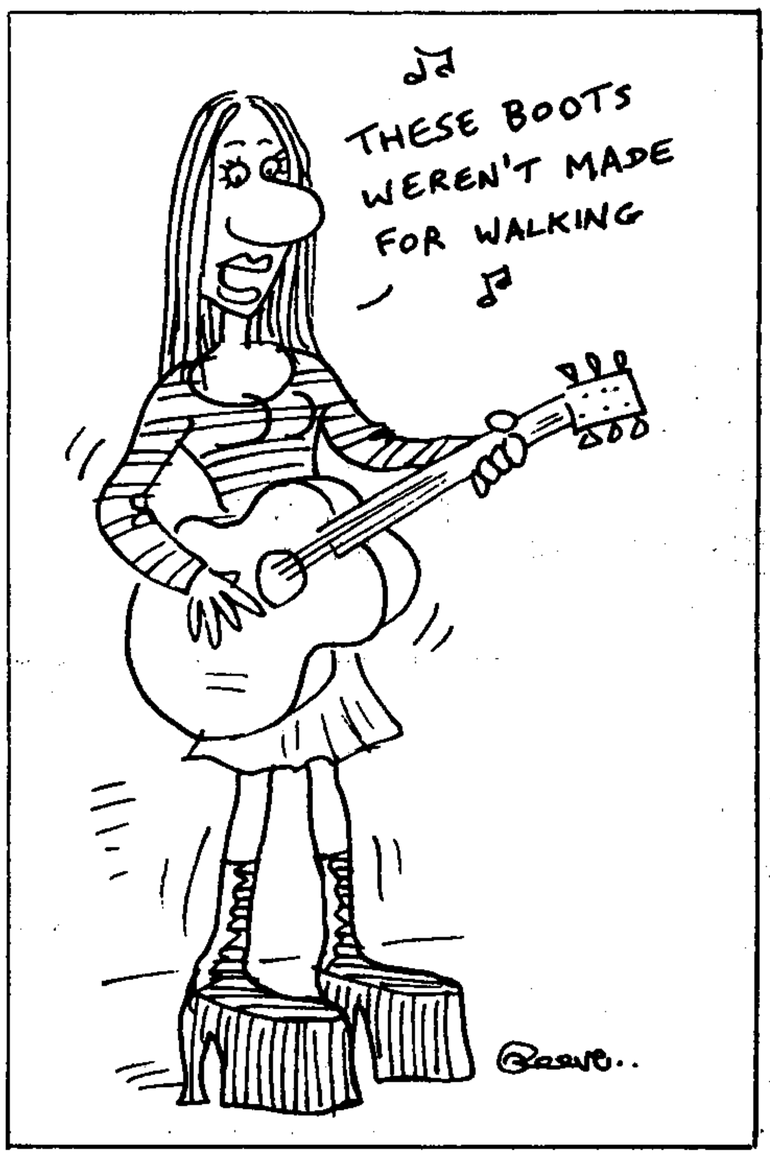
50 Years On

The Battle of Britain's Airlines

WINGCO "Matey" Branson, the greatest hero of our island story, narrowed his eyes and looked up into the sun. There they were — another great armada of British Airways superjets flying in.

He knew the odds were against him. All he had left was just nine serviceable aircraft — against the might of the World's Most Hated Airline, under its megalomaniac commander Sir "Colin" Reichsmarshal Goering.

It had been like this for months: every day a bombardment of offers to sign an unconditional surrender. But Dick Branson stuck out his jaw in defiance. "Never in the field of airline conflict had so much money been offered to so few people by Lord King."



The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

Monday

Today I began the great fight back to show everybody why I am the best man to be prime minister, and in no way as unpopular as everybody says I am. At breakfast this morning my wife Norman had left propped up against the toast rack a copy of the Daily Telegraph saying I am the most unpopular prime minister since William the Conqueror. This is quite an achievement for someone with only one O-Level, I think everyone would agree!

"Never mind," said Norman, as she was clearing away the plates. "At least there's one person who still loves you." "That is very kind of you, Norman," I said to her, preparing to give her an affectionate shake of the hand.

"Not me, John," she said, remembering my name. "I mean Sir Norma Fowler."

As it happened I had to meet Sir Norma that morning when we both spoke to a very successful rally of Conservative ladies, who as a joke had all come wearing orange rosettes saying "We Love Paddy". My speech, which had been written for me by my very clever new assistant Morris Norris, went down very well with the Conservative ladies, especially when I read out the bit which said: "Departing from prepared text you will now ad lib as follows: Now is the time to be planting out the delphiniums. That is what I propose to do this weekend, and not sit around feeling depressed about losing some silly by-election. The only things which depress me are losing the football, losing the Test match, and losing Christchurch." I added that last bit in myself, to show that I am honest, but I don't think Mr Norris was very pleased, and he refused to talk to me in the car on the way home. But the Conservative ladies were very appreciative, and when I had finished my speech several of them clapped, including my wife Norman and Miss Hogg who had come along to make up the numbers.

Tuesday

I woke up this morning to hear a loud hooting from the street, and when I looked out of the window I saw my friend Sir Norma Fowler driving up in his Group 4 van. As it stopped, the back doors opened and several men in shirts with arrows on them ran off down the street laughing. Sir Norma came in the door, looking not inconsiderably white-faced, and shouting: "Don't panic, prime minister, everything's under control. Your former friend David Mellor has had lunch with Norma Lamont at a very expensive restaurant called La Tante Claire Latimer, and has fixed everything. Norma has given his solemn assurance that he will not stand up in the House of Commons and say that you are useless. He says he will show exactly

the same loyalty to you as you showed to him."

I was greatly relieved to hear this and became much less depressed, which of course I am not.

Wednesday

Today was the day I had been really looking forward to, when I was going to finally show up what a hopeless leader of his party Mr Smith is. To begin with everything was going well, until I heard a familiar clanking of bottles. When I turned round I saw that Mr Lamont was squeezing into a seat behind me, carrying a Thresher's bag marked "Praed Street Comes Before A Fall", with a strangely flushed look on his face. Then he stood up and made a very peculiar speech, saying that the government was no good and had no idea what it was doing. Luckily it went down very badly. All the Labour MPs were laughing at him, and our side simply ignored him. Then it was my turn to point out that my job of being prime minister is a very difficult one indeed, and not everyone could do it. All the MPs on both sides shouted "Hear! Hear!" Mr Smith made a considerably pathetic reply, so much so that everyone laughed all the way through it. Then my new friend Mr Clarke made an absolutely brilliant speech, saying that the Labour Party should "shut up their faces" because they were "no bloody good". Afterwards, I heard several MPs say that Mr Clarke was "just the man we're looking for", which I thought was a great tribute to my judgement in choosing him to succeed Mr Lamont.

Thursday

As usual the papers have got it all wrong, saying "Can Major Survive After Lamont Attack?". What a very silly question, considering that I have just sacked him. I was much more impressed when I heard Sir Norma Fowler on Newsnight, Today, Call Nick Ross and the Classic FM 10 O'Clock British Steel Newsround slot, reminding everyone that it was me who won the election last year, and that Mr Lamont's speech had been "disloyal, dishonest, disreputable, discreditable" and a lot of other words beginning with "dis" which I had not heard of before, but which must have made Mr Lamont not inconsiderably discomfortable!

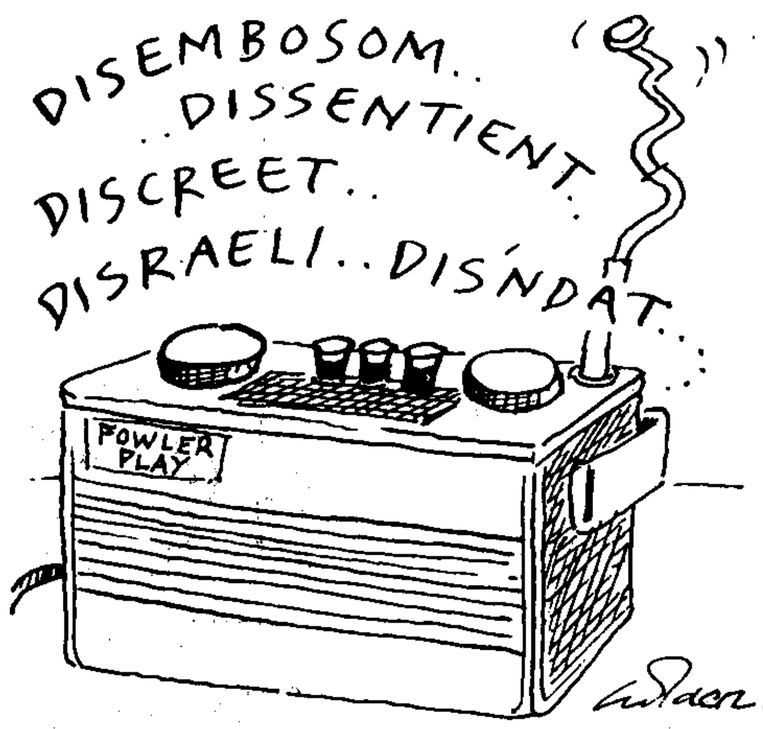
Friday

Mr Mates came round this morning and said he would like to give me one of his famous watches. "Oh," I said, "is this a gesture of support?" "No, prime minister," he said. "It is a leaving present, just in case you are thinking of going to Northern Cyprus and not coming back."

When I looked at the watch I saw that he had thoughtfully written on it: "Stop getting us down, you bugger."

Monday

I have decided to be in no way critical towards Norma Lamont for his disgraceful treachery to me. I will certainly not engage in public slanging matches which do neither of us any credit, even though I am entirely in the right. My decision was in no way affected by a strange fax from Norma with the message: "You lay off, matey, or I'll spill the beans."



Tuesday

At last we are out of the woods and Mrs Hogg assures me that the Government is back on course.

Mr Lilley, who is in charge of pensions and benefits, has come up with an excellent new idea for reducing the deficit (left by you-know-who!). He says we should reduce payments to invalids and people who are no longer capable of gainful employment.

"So we're cutting your salary, are we, John?" said Mr Clarke, the new Chancellor, with a nice smile. Everyone laughed, which is a sign that Norma Lamont is already forgotten.

TOP HONOUR FOR BCCI MAN

by Our Honours Staff **B.E.M. Buggins-Turn**

THE MAN responsible for the BCCI scandal, Sir Robin Leigh Pemberton, today became Lord Pemberton of Cockup for services to the corruption industry. Thousands of businesses owe their bankruptcies to him due to his failure to regulate the notorious Bank of Crooks and Conmen International, and he is highly regarded by no one at all in the banking world. His decision to stick with Norman Lamont during the ERM crisis *(continued p. 94)*

THOSE OTHER HONOURS IN FULL

Sir Luvvie Attenbore, 78, becomes Lord Attenbore of Dinosaur. For services to complaining about the British film industry.

Thora Hird, 91, becomes Dame Alan Bennett. For services to TV's "Your 100 Favourite Plays About Old Ladies".

Jimmy Perfick, 53, becomes Sir James Perfick. For services to TV's "The Huge Ratings of May, June and July".

W.G. Grace, 175, becomes the posthumous Lord Grace of Lords. For services to successful English cricket of the type John Major would like to associate himself with.

(That's enough Honours. Ed.)

NATIONAL FIASCO — PART-TIMER TO BLAME

by Our Racing Staff **The Scout**

A PART-TIME Chancellor of the Exchequer has been blamed for the disaster that took place last year, resulting in a loss of millions of pounds for Britain.

Norman Lamont, a £28,000 a year "briefcase-waver", was given the job of running the Country's economy because "there was no one else around".

A committee, headed by the Prime Minister "Major" John, acquitted himself and anyone else in the Government of any blame whatsoever.

"We have looked very carefully at our role over the past year and our unanimous view is that every one of us behaved impeccably, apart from Norman Lamont."

The report goes on: "Nothing would be gained by referring to various irregularities in Mr Lamont's lifestyle, such as the fact that he consorted with a Miss Whiplash, used Government funds to evict her from his basement and liked a drop from Thresher's. The fact of the matter is that Mr Lamont was entirely to blame for the catastrophe and has quite rightly been sacked".

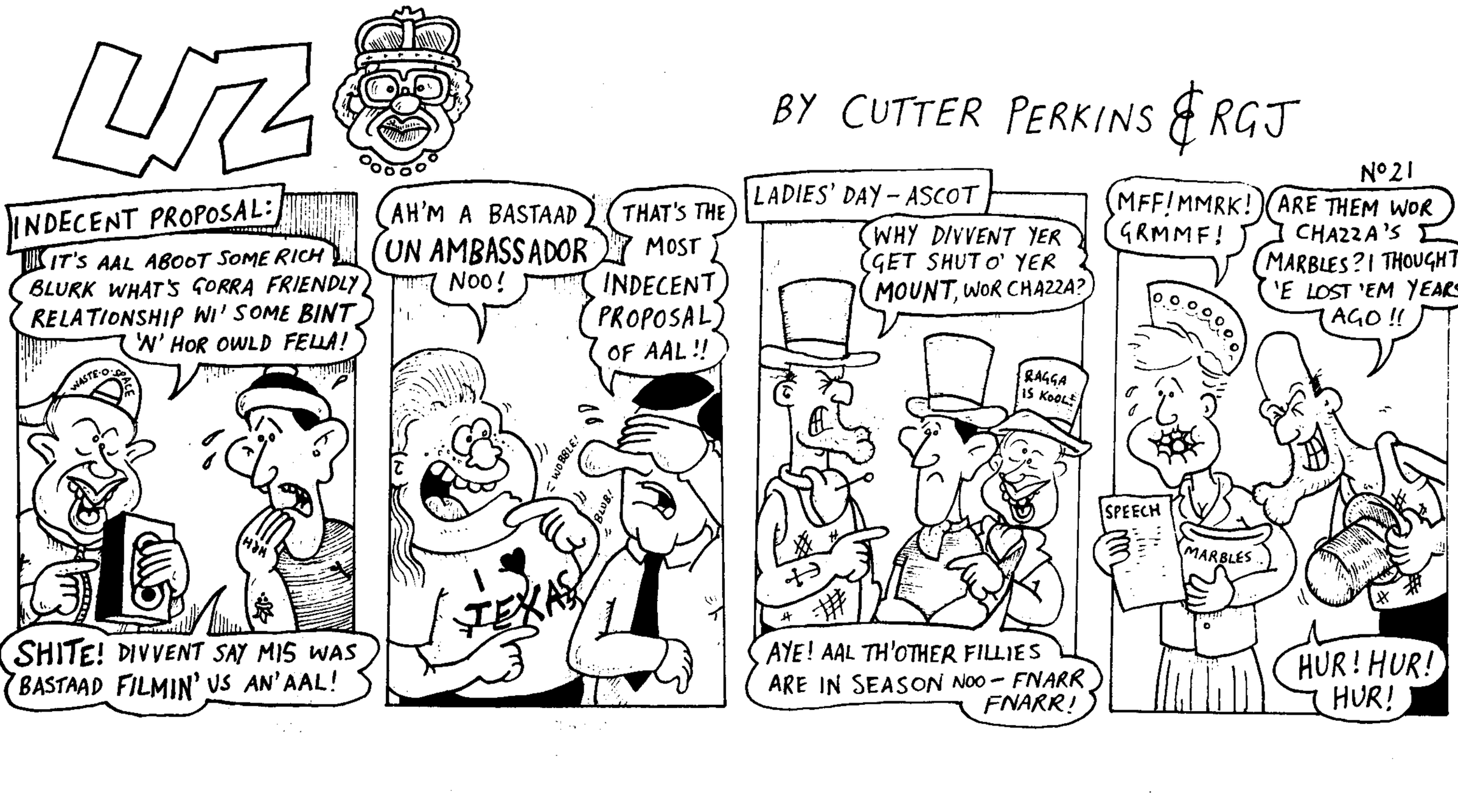
Major Brownose is innocent.

That Blandford Revised Judgement In Full

Justice Cocklecarrot *(for it is he)*: I have now reconsidered my earlier judgement and after consulting the relevant textbook (*The Sentencing of Members of the Aristocracy*, Snipcock and Tweed, £199) I am satisfied that I was in error when I committed His Grace, the Marquess of Blandford, to 112 days at Her Majesty's pleasure.

Blandford, I now concede, was guilty of nothing more than attempting to evade arrest and assaulting a police officer. Such high spirits, I now accept, merit a sentence of only nought days as opposed to the original estimate of over one hundred. I refer interested parties to the previous cases of Blandford vs. Regina, Linley vs. Inspector Knacker, *et al.*

I would, therefore, like to apologise to His Excellency for any inconvenience he may have experienced as a result of his unfortunate incarceration due to my originally mistaking him for a public house of the same name *(shurely 'member of the public? Ed).*


LIZ
BY CUTTER PERKINS & RGJ
Nº21
INDECENT PROPOSAL:
IT'S AAL ABOOT SOME RICH BLURK WHAT'S GORRA FRIENDLY RELATIONSHIP WI' SOME BINT 'N' HOR OWLD FELLA!
WASTE-O-SPACE
HRH
SHITE! DIVVENT SAY MIS WAS BASTAAD FILMIN' US AN' AAL!
AH'M A BASTAAD UN AMBASSADOR
NOO!
THAT'S THE MOST INDECENT PROPOSAL OF AAL!!
WIBBLE!
BLUB!
I ♥ TEXAS
LADIES' DAY – ASCOT
WHY DIVVENT YER GET SHUT O' YER MOUNT, WOR CHAZZA?
RAGGA IS KOOL
AYE! AAL TH'OTHER FILLIES ARE IN SEASON NOO – FNARR FNARR!
MFF! MMRK! GRMMF!
ARE THEM WOR CHAZZA'S MARBLES? I THOUGHT 'E LOST 'EM YEARS AGO!!
SPEECH
MARBLES
HUR! HUR! HUR!

WHO WILL GET BRITAIN'S TOP JOB?

by Our Media Staff **Jane Thynne-Stuff** *(yes, she's back!)*

The media world is buzzing with only one question — who will inherit the hottest seat in British broadcasting when, at the end of the year, the Rev Brian Redhead leaves the Today programme to become the Archbishop of Canterbury?

Already, insiders are tipping some of the top names in radio journalism to take over the most powerful position in British politics.

● **Jeremy Paxman**, 35. For the hard-hitting and hyper-intelligent *Newsnight* star, it would be an obvious career move to step up into the Today spotlight.

● **Anneka Rice**, 46. Anneka's forceful style and undoubted broadcasting ability should make her a front-runner for the Redhead slot if the BBC is brave enough to pick a woman.

● **Glenys Kinnock**, 54. With her inside-track political knowledge and hard-hitting media presence, Glenys would be ideal if the BBC is only brave enough to choose someone totally unfitted for the job.

● **Jonathan Ross**, 26. Jonathan has won a host of admirers with his tactful handling of the award-winning "phone-in" programme *Call Jonathan Ross*. He must be the obvious choice if only the BBC is brave enough not to give it to Libby Purves.

● **Frank Bruno**, 45. Witty, relaxed and yet hiding a streak of aggression beneath his cheeky pantomime persona, the lovable Frank would be an ideal interrogator for John Major or John Smith, especially on the finer points of the ERM opt-out clauses in the Maastricht Treaty. An obvious choice if the ivory-tower BBC mandarins are brave enough to pick a boxer.

● **Michael Ignatieff** *(That's enough names. Ed.)*

TV Tonight

Alas Smith and Loans

Hilarious comedy series in which Mel Smith and his partner Mel Smith borrow money from each other and get investigated by Inspector Morse.

Radio 3 Highlights

9.00am
Composer of the Week:
Guns n' Roses

10.00am
Morning Sequence:
Velvet Underground

10.30am
UB40 in Concert

11.00am
Early Music
(Beatles "Rubber Soul")

12.00am
Everyone switches to Classic FM in the hope of finding some classical music.

THE AMOEBA MATHS CLASS

Lines on the Historic Opening of a McDonalds Restaurant in Hampstead

by William "Big"- MacGonagall

'Twas on June 7th in the year nineteen hundred and ninety-three,
That the folk of Hampstead made gastronomic history.
For it was on that day that McDonalds opened their burger bar,
And American tourists came to queue there from both near and from far.

But for many a long year the opening had been delayed
Due to the Hampstead intellectuals and the fuss they made.
"We do not want our high street filled with rabble,"
Argued the likes of Tom Conti, Michael Foot and Ms Margaret Drabble.

And there were many others who presented something of a snag,
Including the host of the South Bank Show, Mr Melvyn Bragg.
They petitioned mightily in the courts, did this prestigious literary pack
In the hope of stopping Ronald McDonald and his famous Big Mac.

But sadly after 12 years their case began to flounder
As other residents decided they would quite like a quarter-pounder.
All the aesthetic arguments of the anti-McDonald lobby
Only made the judge think that they were being a wee bit snobby.

So it was decided at last that not far from the historic Heath,
McDonalds could sell beverages that are known to rot the teeth.
To accompany of course their burgers, each one carefully polystyrene-boxed,
Where once antiquarian booksellers had sold First Editions (slightly foxed).

And so it came to pass in the leafy Hampstead venue
McDonalds proudly displayed their full all day and breakfast menu.
And the literati had bitterly to watch the 17-year-olds stuffing
Their faces with the famous world-renowned Egg McMuffin.

© William Rees MacGonagall

(Continued from page one)
for many of us Friday nights will seem empty and barren. It is a unique televisual institution which extends the normal parameters of situation-based comedy to encompass a more generous, life-enhancing overview. From its microcosmic epicentre in the Boston bar, the worlds of Norm, Cliff and Woody extend into all our consciousness, making themselves and their dilemmas both external and internal dramas for the observer. Sam, for example, is prototypically Everyman, or at least Every-Americanman, and his initial phallocentric universe has through the series been broadened so that it now recognises a more gentle, anima-oriented self which can react on an interpersonal basis with both the intellectual feminine as personified in Diane, or with Rebecca, the archetype of overt female predator. The

inclusion of Dr Fraser Crane in the second series succeeded in making the psychiatrist function as a chorus in the Greek sense and the fact that Crane himself goes mad at one stage is somehow symbolic. *(Continued on page 94)*

POETRY CORNER

Lines Written on the Sacking of Norman Lamont

So. Farewell
Then, Norman
Lamont.

Former
Chancellor of
The Exchequer.

"Je ne
Regrette
Rien."

That was
Your catchphrase.

"We are not
Leaving
The ERM."

That was
Another.

"Do you
Take Access?"

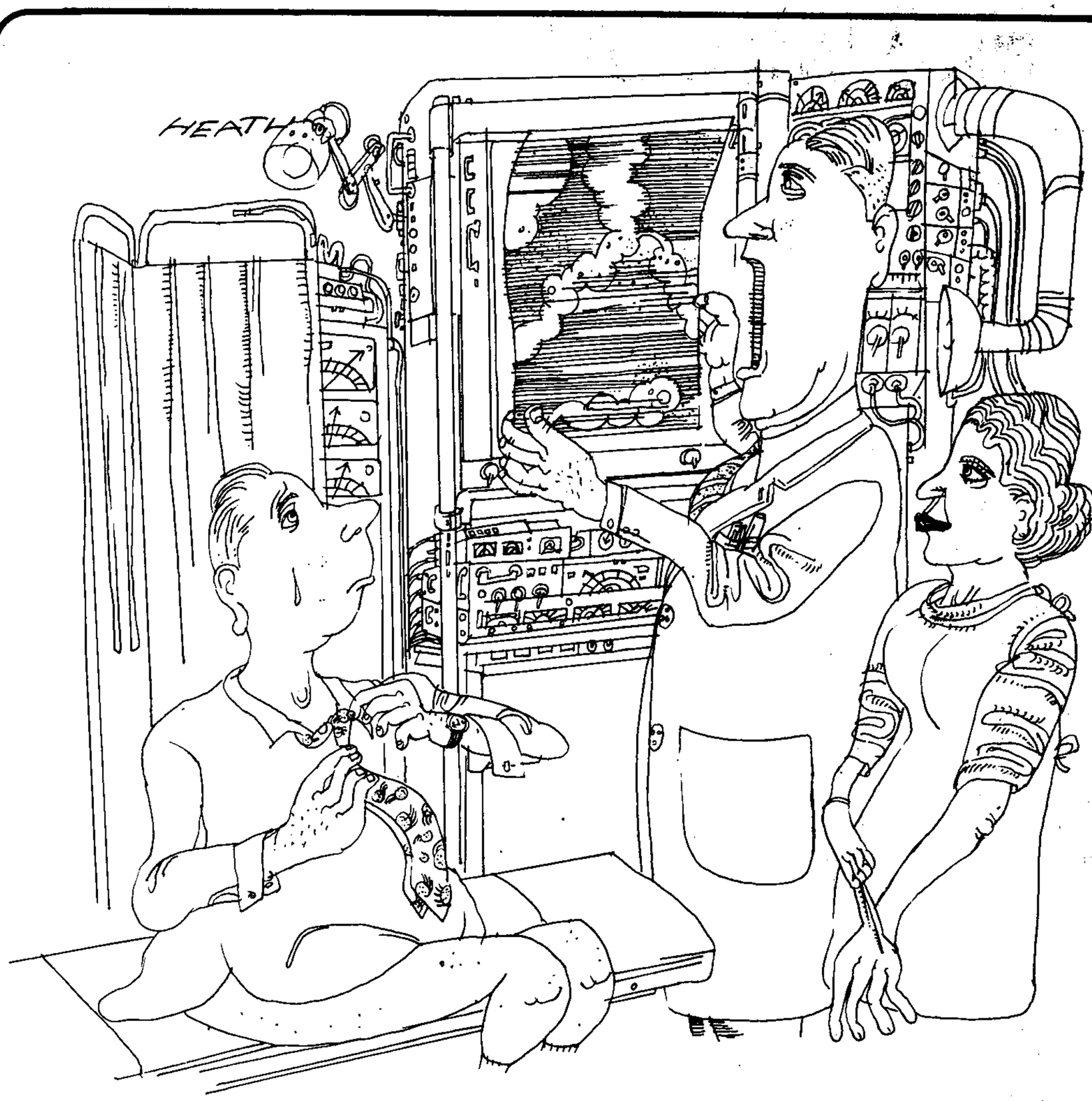
That was the
Best one.

E.J. Onanuga
c/o Threshers

A spokesman from the Scottish Office said: "

"

Glasgow Guardian

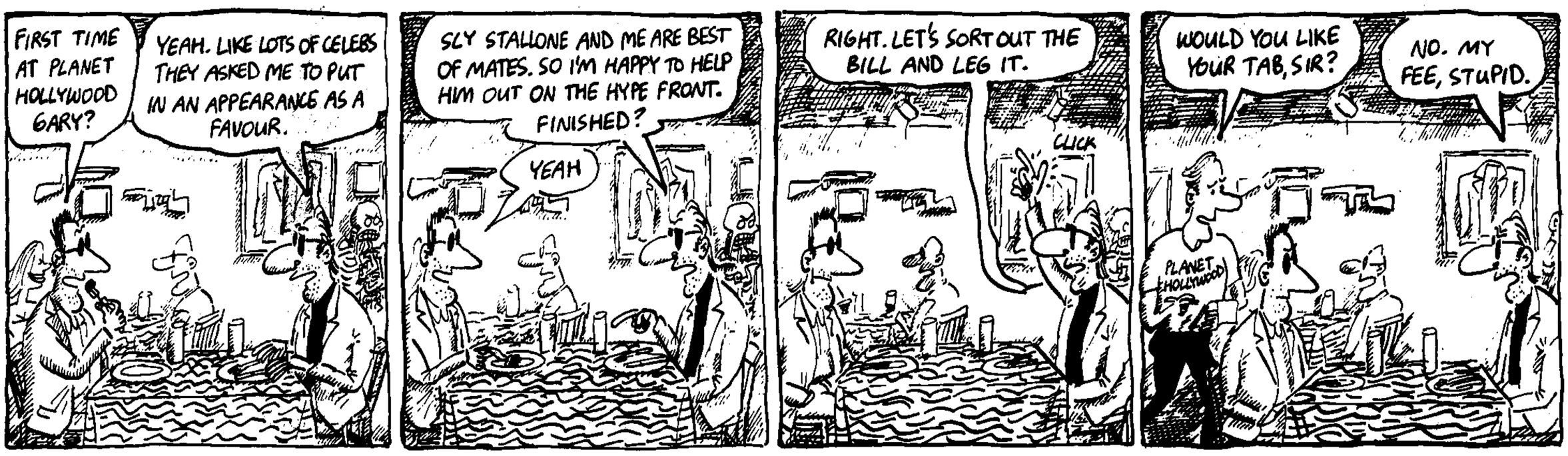


Great Bores Of Today.

"... after all it was only eighty degrees what's so exceptional about that? but the M4 started to melt and the trains couldn't cope wrong kind of sun ha ha ha it could only happen in this country couldn't it can you imagine what the Germans would say if their autobahns started to buckle? and then as soon as the sun goes out it starts to rain and the whole country is flooded the sea wall starts to fall in and the fire brigade has to rescue people from their roofs we're always surprised by the weather which given it's been going on for quite a long time ha ha ha you'd think we'd have learnt the lesson by now I tried to buy a fan last week it was so hot in the office but would you believe it? they'd sold out by the time they'd got them in it was freezing cold no forward planning you see do you know there's still a hosepipe ban round us?..."

Celeb

LIGGER


FIRST TIME AT PLANET HOLLYWOOD GARY?
YEAH. LIKE LOTS OF CELEBS THEY ASKED ME TO PUT IN AN APPEARANCE AS A FAVOUR.
SLY STALLONE AND ME ARE BEST OF MATES. SO I'M HAPPY TO HELP HIM OUT ON THE HYPE FRONT.
FINISHED?
YEAH
RIGHT. LET'S SORT OUT THE BILL AND LEG IT.
CLICK
WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR TAB, SIR?
NO. MY FEE, STUPID.
PLANET HOLLYWOOD

The Rising Sunday Telegraph

Friday, 18 June, 1993 2bn Yen

Prince and Princess Vow Undying Hatred

by Our Man in London **Harry Kiri**

BEHIND locked doors and hidden from the eyes of the world, the British Prince Chazza Luni and the Princess Fookee-Squidgee yesterday acted out the age-old rite of Separation by Mutual Consent, by which British couples pledge their lasting dislike of each other, and agree to remain apart except for what is known as *access*.

This almost mystical practice traditionally involves the father taking his children to the famous Zoological Gardens in London on alternate Sunday afternoons, while his wife engages in the Tantric Yoga discipline known as *legova*.

Prince of Killing Wales

Yesterday's awesome ceremony, which millions of disloyal subjects did not see, centres on the unloving couple being shut away with a ceremonial attendant, known as Lord Goodmanzee, to agree the traditional "Terms of Settlement".

But, before that, many ritual preliminaries have to be enacted, in the seclusion of the marital home. First, the couple must exchange certain ritual cries. The Princess shouts "Yushit" and the Prince replies "Yukau".

The Princess then raises the sacred rolling pin and places it on the Prince's head with a sharp downward movement, to symbolise her innermost feelings of distaste for her husband.

He then makes answer by raising the Holy Book of Morton, containing sacred texts inspired by the Princess's own words, and throwing it at her head to symbolise his desire to do her a very serious injury.

At this point, Lord Goodmanzee is helped back into the room to present them with his bill, and the couple live unhappily ever after.

A Haiku for the Royal Separation by the Poet Laureate Ted Hoo Hee

Old Whaley in sea.
Bang.
Harpoon in blubber.
Blood froths.
Whaley washed up (on beach).

(Will this do? T.H.)
(No, too many syllables, Ed.)

Trans. by Sir Arthur Whaley

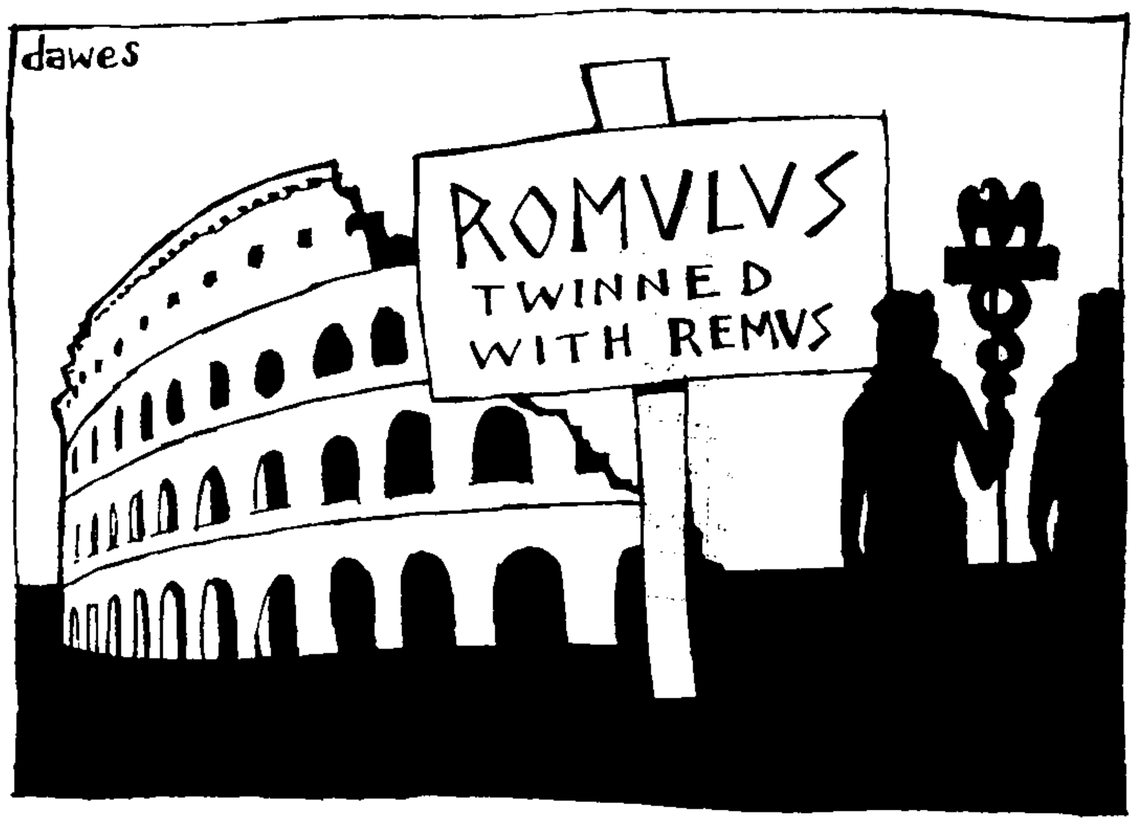
That Gazza Diet Menu in full

Hors d'Oeuvres
Pint of Lager
or
2 Pints of Lager
— ❋ —
Entrée
3 Pints of Lager
with
Pint of Lager
and
Pint of Lager
— ❋ —
Dessert
8 Pints of Lager
— ❋ —
To Drink
Lager

SOD! ***On sale now — the glossy gardening magazine from the publishers of Viz***

In this month's issue:

The Fat Slugs ■ Roger Melly, The Man In The Green Welly ■ Buster Sackville-West And His Unfeasibly Large Marrow ■ Billy The Fishpond ■ Johnny Compost-Heap ■ Mrs Brown And Her Very Expensive Magazine Given To Her By Her Husband With The Proceeds Of Viz.



THAT HISTORIC SHOCKING LAMONT BOMBSHELL SPEECH IN FULL

"Members of the House. I have no intention in this personal statement of complaining about the fact that I was quite wrongly sacked by the Government. My only concern is to urge the need for an independent central bank, which I was working towards when I was so unjustifiably removed from office by a weak, vacillating, short-sighted Government in glasses. A Government which, I must tell the House, does not know where he is going. And who is totally under the spell of a certain Party manager, whom I shall not name but whose name begins with 'F'. All politicians want nowadays is 36 hours of cheap publicity. But not me. I want it for a lot longer. In my opinion, Mr John Government is a total bastard *(whinges on in similar vein for several hours).* **"**

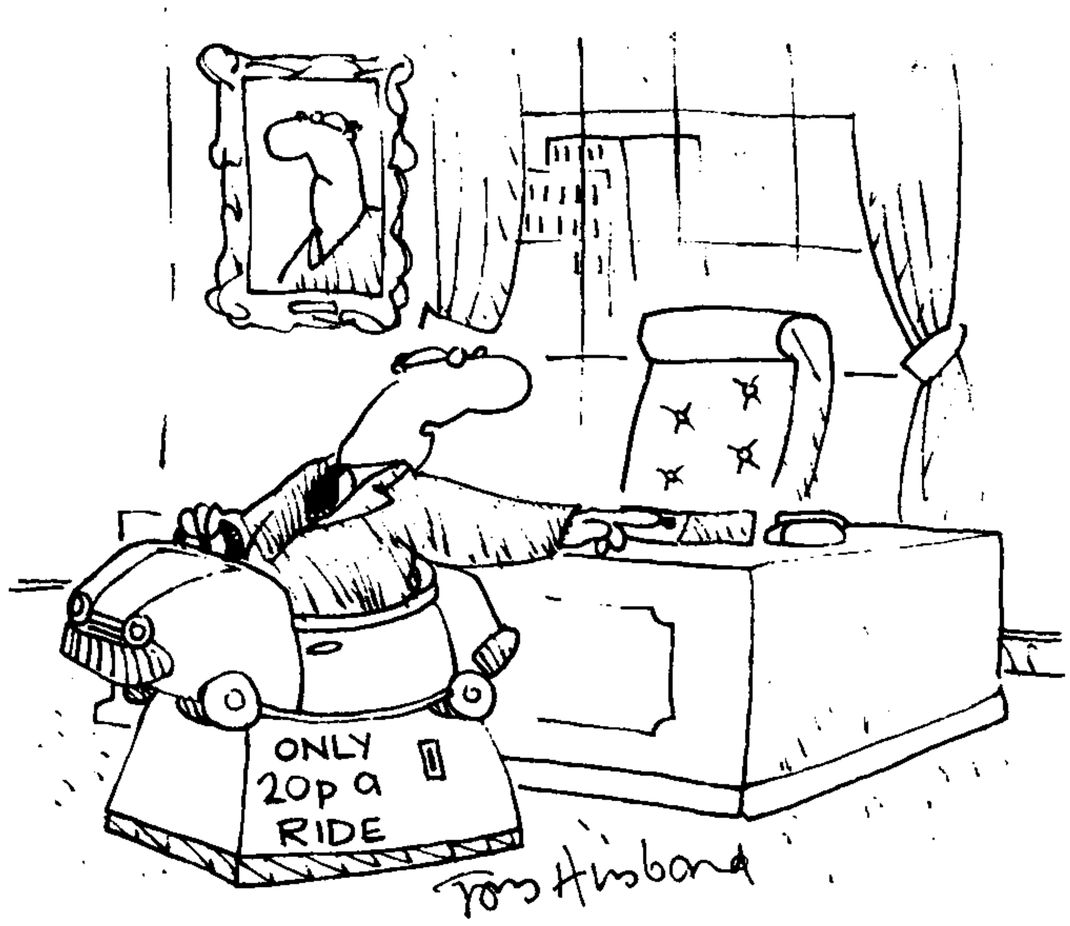
TOP TORY NAMED IN NEW MATESGATE SHOCKER

by Our SFO Staff **Polly Toynbee and Gregory Peck**

IN A new twist to the latest scandal which is rocking the government *(which one's that? Ed)*, **a senior member of the Tory Party has admitted "accepting a watch" in a bid to prevent the course of justice.**

Lord Nadir, 63, speaking from his holiday home in northern Cyprus, admitted that his acceptance of the watch was "a misjudgment" which he now regretted.

"But," he said, "Mr Mates was an old friend of mine and I had no idea he was involved in anything shady, like running the Government."



"Mrs Pringle, bring me a 20-pence piece from petty cash, would you..."

Private Eye Do-It-Yourself All-Purpose News Story

A Gnome Home Service — 'Save Buying The Papers'!

ENGLAND DISASTER

by Our Football/Cricket/Political Staff

THE WORLD of football/cricket/politics was rocked to its foundations yesterday after the latest dismal performance by the English squad/team/government.

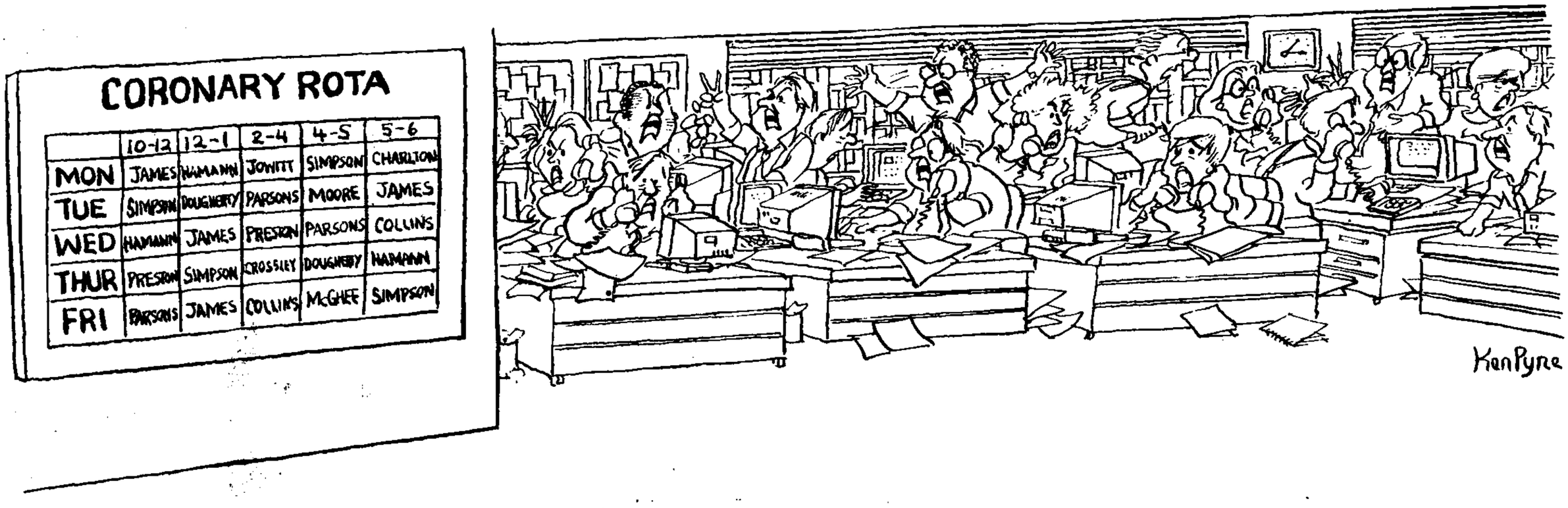
There were fresh calls for the immediate resignation of Graham Taylor/Ted Dexter/John Major, but the ashen-faced/smug/gloomy manager/chairman of selectors/Prime Minister refused to resign, saying: "I'm not going. Now is not the time for wholesale change. I stand by my forwards/batsmen/policies."

Hopeless

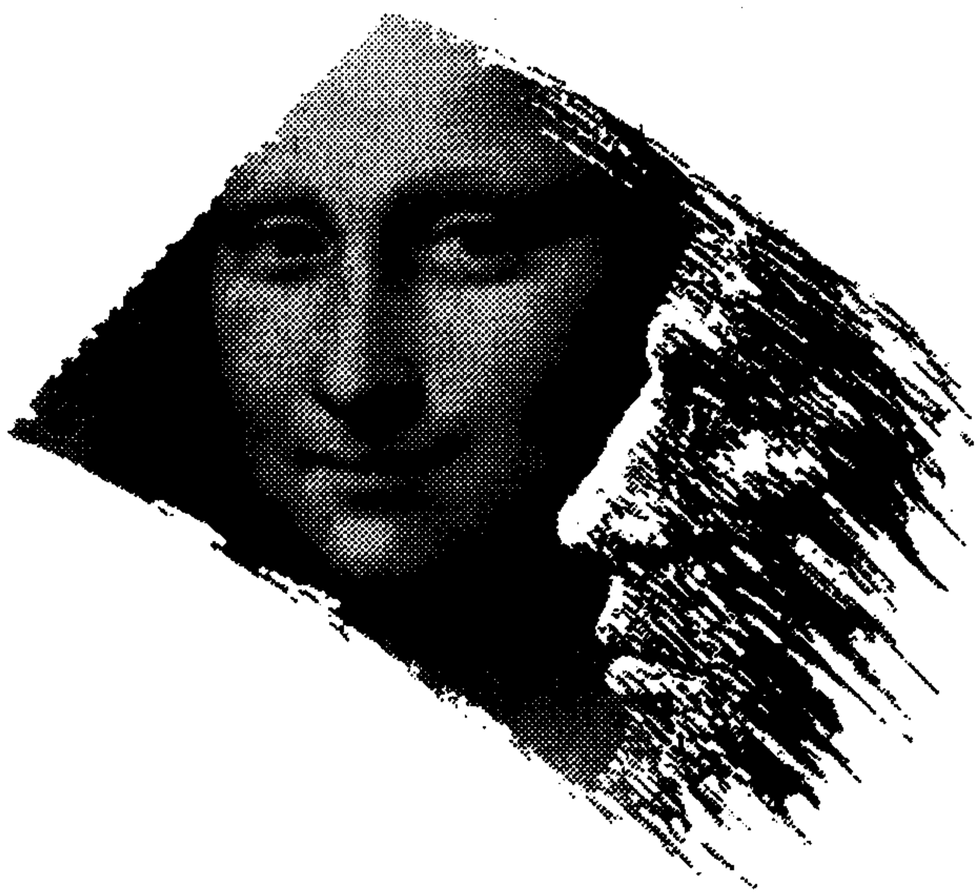
The latest result has further increased speculation about the future of national football/cricket/politics as England crashed to a humiliating loss of 2-0/167 runs/the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"It can't go on like this," said disgruntled members of the FA/MCC/1922 Committee. "It's time to bring back Brian Clough/David Gower/Mrs Thatcher. Only he/he/she has got the balls to get this country back on its feet."

Following comprehensive defeat at the hands of America/Australia/Brussels, top commentator Jimmy Hill/Geoff Boycott/Alan Clark said: "If you want my opinion, that Gazza/Mike Gatting/Kenneth Clarke is a fat over-rated talentless has-been."


CORONARY ROTA
10-12 | 12-1 | 2-4 | 4-5 | 5-6
MON | JAMES | HAMANN | JOWITT | SIMPSON | CHARLTON
TUE | SIMPSON | DOUGHERTY | PARSONS | MOORE | JAMES
WED | HAMANN | JAMES | PRESTON | PARSONS | COLLINS
THUR | PRESTON | SIMPSON | CROSSLEY | DOUGHERTY | HAMANN
FRI | PARSONS | JAMES | COLLINS | McGHEE | SIMPSON
Ken Pyne

THE NEW MUSICAL THAT NO ONE'S GOING TO!



LEONARDO

starring
SIR IAN McKELLEN
as the Renaissance's hottest Romeo
and
MONA LISA MINNELLI
as his Juliet

Hit songs include ☺ *I Invented A Yellow Submarine*
☺ *The Magnificent Man With His Flying Machine*
☺ *The Virgin On The Rock (Around The Clock)*
☺ *Save The Last Supper For Me* ☺ *Just One Gioconda*
and
☺ *Uffizi's Too Big (by the late Fats Waller)*
Plus (for our sponsors)
☺ *I'm Guano Wash That Man Right Out Of My Hair*

Watch history being rewritten before your very eyes.
It's the old story of boy wanting to meet another boy
but forced to find girl instead.

Now closing at
THE STRAND

JUDGE LET OFF IN SEX CASE SCANDAL

by Our Court-And-Then-Released Staff **Scott Free**

THERE WAS outrage today as an elderly judge was let off by the judiciary after committing an appalling act of stupidity and callousness in open court.

The judge walked free after releasing an adult sex offender and making a set of asinine remarks about an 8-year-old girl's sexual history.

But the Attorney-General declined either to sack or fire him. "He is, after all, only a youngster of 71. You can't expect him to behave in a responsible way. And this case, let's be honest, was asking for it, just begging for a really dumb verdict. The judge couldn't control himself."

The Government declined to sack the Attorney-General because he knows too much about Matrix-Churchill *(shurely 'He has considered all the evidence and found the judge acted entirely properly'? Ed)*.

LIVES OF THE SAINTS NO.94

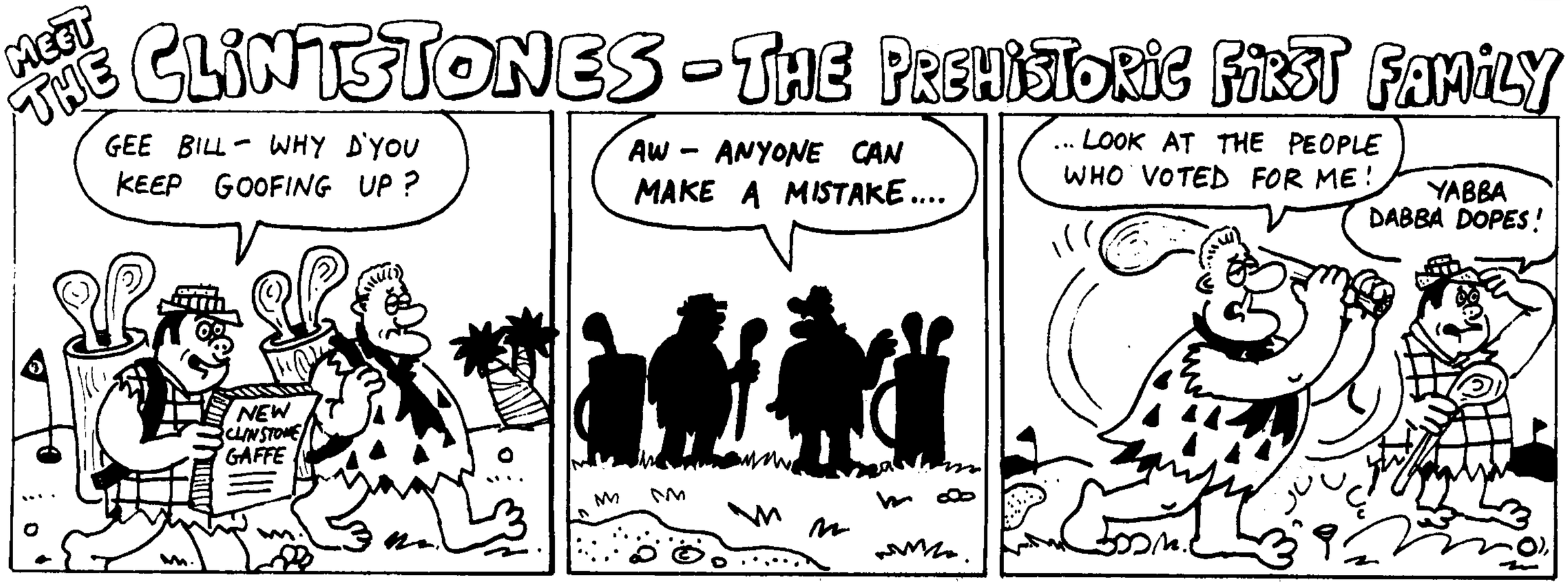
St Diana of Bulimia

Born into a rich, aristocratic family in 1961, Diana grew up in an entirely conventional way. Her parents divorced, she married the future King of England and might easily have continued to live a comfortable, obscure life as a queen and mother for the rest of her days. Then in 1992 came the dramatic series of visions which were to transform her life. She began to hear voices in the night, calling her from afar. "That you, Squidgy, has he gone out? You're wonderful, you're just divine." True to her new calling, Diana realised that she must renounce her husband and follow her vocation — making speeches about the importance of marriage and the family.

Wherever she went crowds would gather, shouting: "This way, Di, give us a smile, isn't she lovely, poor thing?" She became the most loved person in the world, and in 1993 she was finally canonised by a solemn conclave of the Editors of *Hello!* magazine.

Many miracles were performed in her name, such as the making of Andrew Morton into a wealthy man, and ridding England of its monarchy.

© Lady Antonia Holden


MEET THE CLINTSTONES - THE PREHISTORIC FIRST FAMILY
GEE BILL - WHY D'YOU KEEP GOOFING UP?
NEW CLINSTONE GAFFE
AW - ANYONE CAN MAKE A MISTAKE....
...LOOK AT THE PEOPLE WHO VOTED FOR ME!
YABBA DABBA DOPES!

The Latest Shocker from the BBC!!

LADY THATCHERSLEY'S LOVER

by Ken Russell Grant

Adapted from an original story by D.H. Laurens van der Post

(Music — Bragg Fair by Delius Smith — plays on soundtrack. Shot of vintage car drawing up outside castle. Dashing young former Defence Procurement Minister jumps out and runs up steps)

Alan Clark *(for it is he):* Hullo, darling, sorry I'm late again. I was held up at the office trying to sell a Supergun to Johnny Wog.

Mrs Clark *(for it is she):* That's a ridiculous excuse, you little shit. *(Throws axe at his head)* I know where you've been. You've been with that woman again.

(Cut to Great Hall at Chequers. Sir Denis Thatchersley sitting with rug over knees, clutching large whisky glass, holding forth to his old clubland crony Lord Deedes)

Sir Clifford: So there I was, Bill, at the thirteenth, with these three Hun businessmen coming up behind me...

Deedes: Ha, ha, ha. I'll have another one.

Lady Thatchersley: I'm going for a walk in the woods. I may be some time.

(Cut to shot of Lady Thatchersley running naked in slow motion through wood. Elgar plays loudly. Small faun-like figure seen dancing in sunlit glade in Chelsea strip)

David Mellors *(for it is he):* Where's tha runnin' to, lady? I'd like to sook thy toes. 'appen I would.

Clark *(entering through trees):* I say, piss off, you little grammar school oik. She's mine, I tell you, all mine.

(Mellors runs off to write piece about latest opera CDs for Grauniad)

Clark *(going up to Lady Thatchersley and eyeing her adoringly from behind):* What a gorgeous creature you are, to be sure! You've got spiffy ankles. A fabulous pair of Bristols.

And, oh heaven!, your handbag drives a man wild, d'you hear me? *(Music changes to Vaughan Williams's 'The Clark Ascending')* Would you like to see my Supergun?

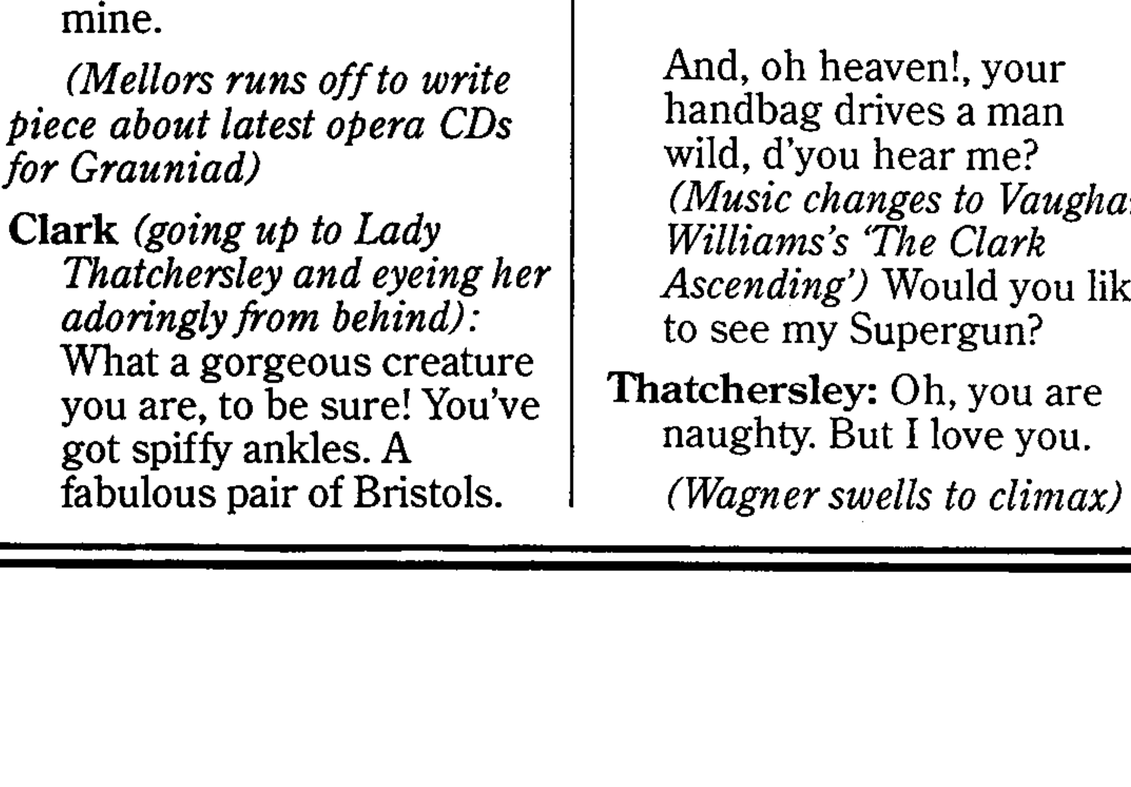
Thatchersley: Oh, you are naughty. But I love you.

(Wagner swells to climax)

TOP TEN BORES

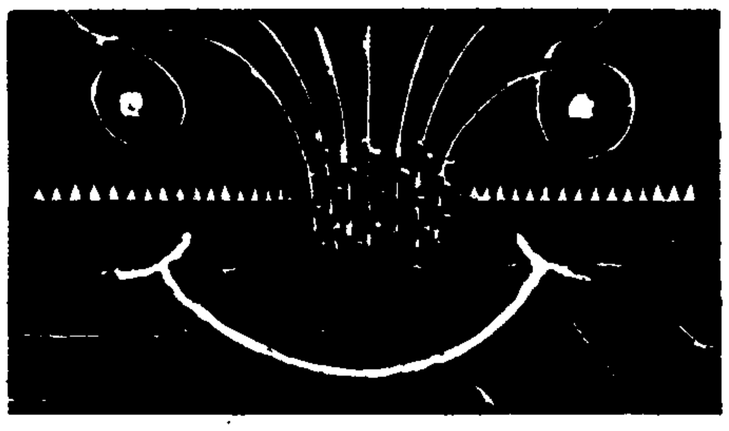
This Week		Last Week	Weeks On List
1	John Major	1	301
2	Kenneth Clarke	2	215
3	Michael Howard	3	207
4	Michael Portillo	4	46
5	John Gummer	5	1,067
6	John Patten	6	29
7	Douglas Hurd	7	381
8	Michael Heseltine	8	417
9	Sir Norma Fowler	9	187
10	Mrs Virginia Bottomley	10	116

Accurate at time of last reshuffle. Information supplied by The Economist Boredom Unit.



"I must speak seriously to Mellors"

DIARY



DAVID MELLOR

David, Dave, Davey, Lover-Boy Dave: call me what you will! Frankly, I've been called one helluva lot of things in my time — Arts Supremo, PM-in-Waiting, Renaissance Man, Skilled Broadcaster, First-Class Brain, Proud Owner of over 2,500 CDs — and one or two of the not-so-pleasant variety, I'm not too proud to admit!

Still, as I pointed out in my exclusive *Guardian* column only the other day, and I quote: "it takes all sorts".

My trouble — as my enemies constantly remind me! — is that I'm just too honest for my own good. I'm simply not prepared — I'm sorry but I'm not — to be mealy-mouthed about questions of great national and international importance, questions such as "Whatever happened to the vim and vigour and sheer expertise that was in the present Cabinet up to a year ago" and "Isn't it about time David Mellor was brought back into the Cabinet?" As one of my colleagues — let's call him David — said to me the other day, looking me straight in the face as I was shaving: "Let's face facts, Dave: you're simply too passionate and sincere and *brilliant* to be out of office for over a year."

Now, I'm a pretty straightforward sort of bloke — for my sins! — and I'm big enough to acknowledge that I've made one or two mistakes of a private nature over the years and that people have been perfectly right to question my judgement — mean and twisted people, envious and sly, for crudely manipulative reasons of their own.

But let's not kid ourselves that the country's in a better state now than when I decided to leave office.

And let's not kid ourselves that it can do without me for much longer.

The Government — and, believe me, John's doing a fine job under trying conditions, considering he's not up to it, poor thing — is in dire need of an attractive figure, witty and intelligent, skilled at handling the media. I hinted as much to John in a private letter last week. He seemed to agree. "Point taken," he wrote back. "But I'm sure you have the qualities that someone like that would lack, and I am delighted that you are continuing to make an excellent contribution to the backbenches. Chin up!"

I suppose I'm best known these days as the great Champion of the Arts, and that's a crown I wear with all due humility. My god, I love the arts. Love 'em.

I seem to remember the late, great Pablo Picasso, with whom I was long associated, slapping me on the back one day and saying: "You know, Dave — without your help and encouragement I could never have painted *Guernica*. Thanks a lot, mate." It made me feel very humble indeed. I repaid the tribute in my *Guardian* column last week, and I quote: "Picasso was, perhaps above all, an artist."

And the great film director Ingmar Bergman was also something of a personal chum. Those of you who caught his 'Seventh Seal' will know that the Sixth Seal was based on yours truly. "If one's looking for a world-class film director," I wrote in the *Guardian* last week, "Bergman's your man."

And I'm not ashamed to tell you I've quite literally sweated my guts out for the Arts in this country, pointing young actresses in the right direction, bringing foreign blood in to 'liven things up a bit', really trying to get on top of things on a one-to-one basis. Not bad for a fellow who's still in his 30s — and boasts a collection of over 3,400 CDs.

My trouble is, I'm a bit of a rebel, a guy with a mind of his own. Never been a yes-man, that's my prob., and I guess my career has suffered a fair number of setbacks as a result. For instance, I was never frightened — unlike some I could mention! — of standing up to Mrs Thatcher on important issues such as the Poll Tax. The fact is, by the end I was getting pretty fed up with the way she was running things, and I wasn't frightened to tell her so to her face.

"Come off it, Margaret," I would say, frankly and fearlessly. "It simply won't wash!" And I'd repeat this, again and again, all the way along the corridor and into her office.

"So what do you think of the Poll Tax, then, David?" she'd ask me when I arrived.

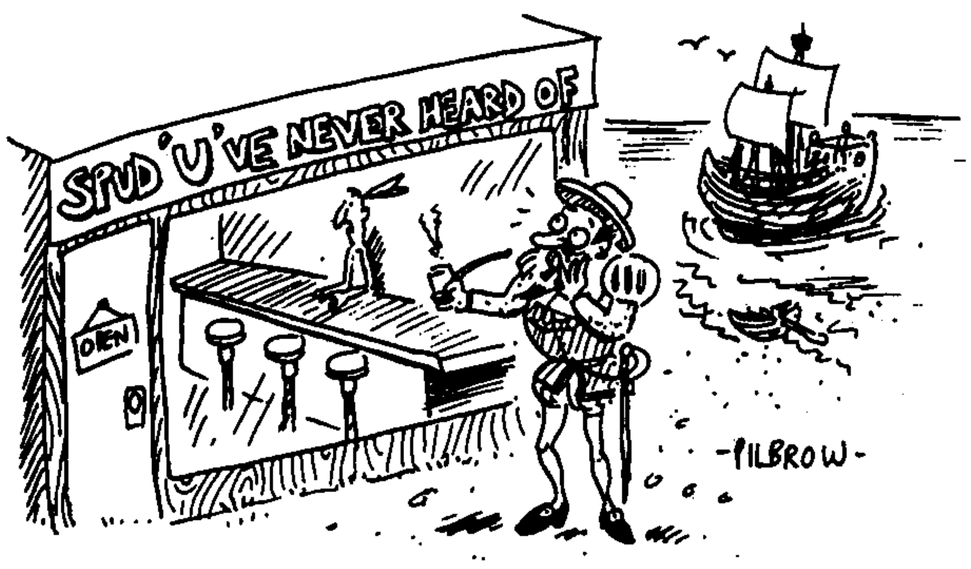
And I would spit it out. "I'm sorry, Margaret," I'd say, candidly. "But I disagree with the others. It's a first-rate idea. Brilliant. This one's got legs."

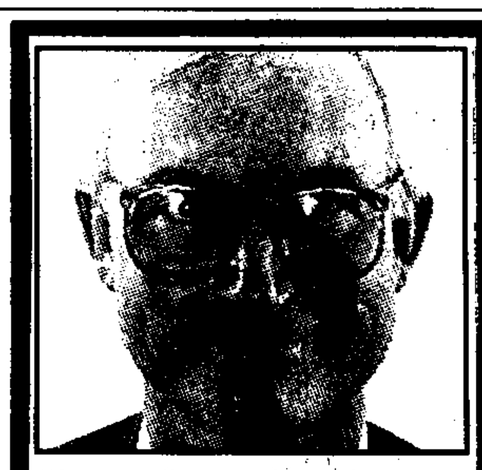
This more 'softly softly' opposition to the Poll Tax — gentle yet firm, outspoken yet not offensive, working from within — was to prove far more effective than anything more insolent, and I'm glad to have earned my place in history among the early rebels. But, of course, it's given me a reputation for honesty and fearlessness — and, believe me, that can be a bit of a setback in the rough and tumble of politics, with or without a collection of over 4,000 CDs!

I am probably best loved in this country for my sheer fanaticism towards music — I have a personal collection of over 4,500 CDs, many of which I take pleasure in playing on a daily basis — but I am equally fond of the world of books, and I have quite a reputation for supporting writers to the hilt. I'm known as a fast worker among Secretaries of State, and I'm proud to say that, last year, after I had been Secretary of State for Heritage (or 'Minister of Fun' as the wags unkindly called it!), literally thousands upon thousands of books were published in this country alone, a good half-dozen of which went onto the Booker Prize list. During the same time, orchestras played concerts on a nightly basis throughout the country, plays were put on in a great many theatres, and many thousands of schoolchildren were introduced to the pleasures of reading. Not a bad record for a humble Secretary of State, when you come to think of it. I stuck my neck out on the subject in my prestigious *Guardian* column the other day, and I quote: "There's nothing quite like the Arts when you've got a moment to spare."

I'm not one to look back and wish that things might have been different. Far from it. I'm very happy with life as it is, with its many exciting new challenges — my own half-hour slot, "Dave's Discs" at midnight on Radio Solent, for instance — and I'll continue to derive tremendous enjoyment from it right up to the minute when I get back into the Cabinet. The world of advertising has been extending its arm in my direction, too. They realise that my well-loved personality is 'just right' for the marketing of successful products. Recently, I have been filming "PG Tips" commercials. The other actors seemed to be dressed up as chimpanzees, but the director kindly informed me that there was no need for me to, obviously realising that it is necessary for the smooth running of our democracy that a senior politician, soon to be back in Government, should preserve his dignity.

By the way, have I mentioned my personal collection of over 5,500 CDs?





Sharon Stone: keeping trim

Today

Just Fancy That

Robert Maxwell says he'll only allow his sons Ian and Kevin to take over his vast empire if they are capable. "Money you haven't earned isn't good for you," he claims. His children won't automatically benefit from his fortune, he says, because he's already given them a good start in life.

Womans Realm 20/8/91

Literary Review

Gobblin' Teasmade

The Waters of Thirst
Adam Mars-Jones
Faber, £14.99

POOR Mr Mars-Bar has made a mistake. He has published a novel. Why has he been so silly?

In 1983 he was proclaimed one of Granta's Best of Young British Novelists without ever having published a novel. Ten years later the honour was repeated. Not having blotted his copybook in the interim, he was one of the Best Young British Novelists-2, too. Now he's gorn and torn it, just when everything was going so well. If only he'd kept his head down, he'd have been a hot tip for the Booker, a certainty for the Whitbread.

It's not *much* of a novel, admittedly — only 180 pages long and obviously expanded from a short story — but that makes no difference.

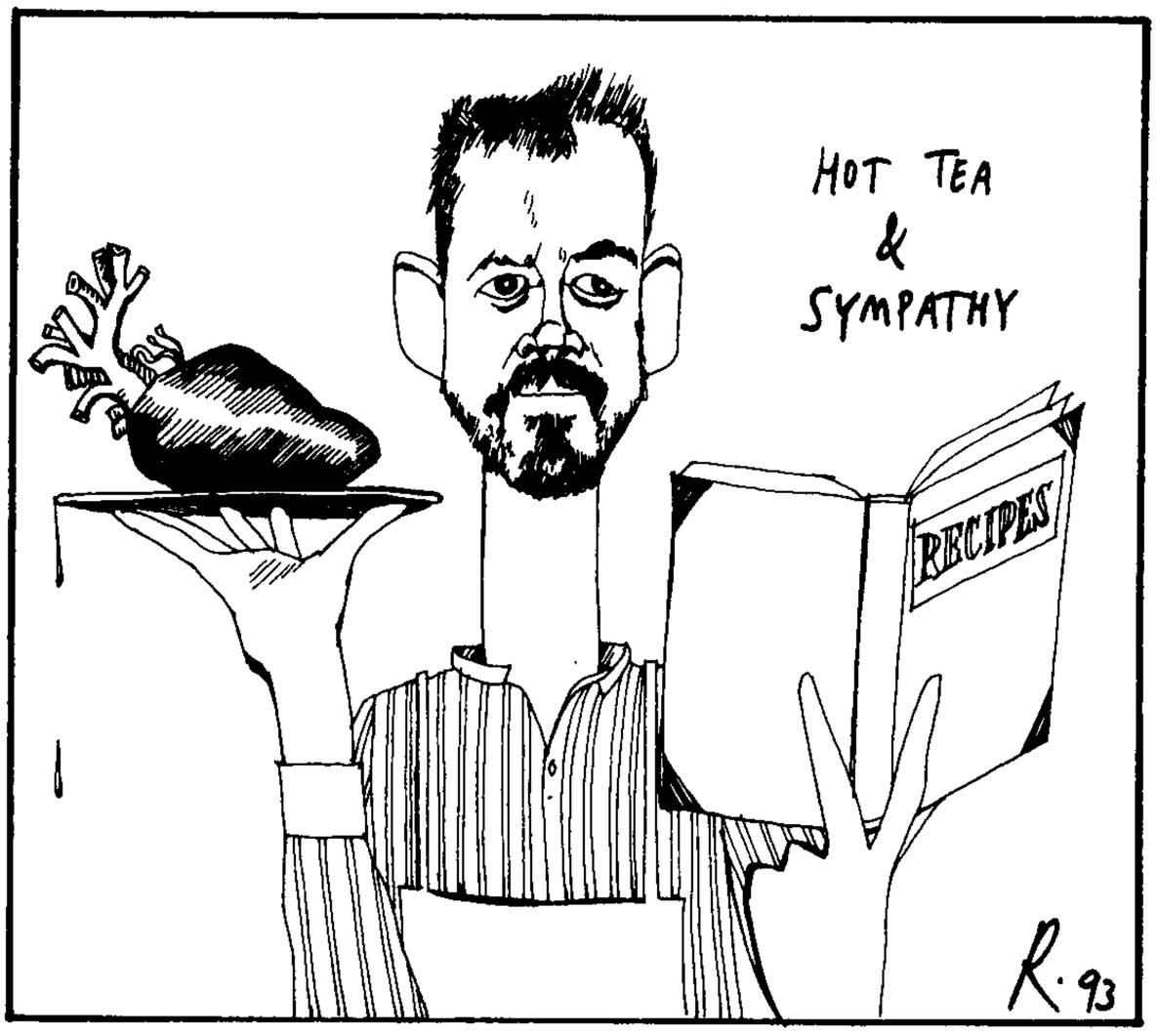
Over the last ten years, Mr Mars-Bar has become an Aids specialist. In two collections of short stories, *The Darker Proof* and *Monopolies of Loss*, he has written a series of poignant little tales about what it is like for gay men facing the disease. Throughout them, his niceness is apparent — but in the sense of exaggerated fastidiousness, as well as goodness of heart.

These are the neatest, tidiest, most precious little contes ever constructed about such a large and overwhelming subject. They read like a displacement activity. It's as if he were trying to counter the huge mess of Aids by producing perfect miniatures, each tied up with a neat little bow or image. The one thing they do not do is tell a larger story.

Once or twice, nice Mr Mars-Bar has tried to broaden his approach — to make a novel of it. In the last story in *The Darker Proof*, called "The Brake", he even went some way towards admitting that death, even premature death, is not uniquely a gay problem. The hero of that story realises that if he wants to carry on living, he had better reform his diet as well as his sex life. Too much fried bacon can prove just as fatal as too much free-range buggery.

Ten years later, it is precisely this conceit that he has tried to expand into a novel, in another attempt to make an Aids story into something more universal. William is gay all right, but monogamous and not HIV positive. Instead, he has an inherited kidney disease. Twice a week he goes for dialysis; he can't eat anything salty or drink more than 25 fluid ounces of liquid a day. "No bacon, no beaujolais" then. He dreams of a kidney transplant. But when he finally gets one, the organ is rejected and the drugs compromise his immune system so that he ends up in an Aids ward after all. Neat? Not *really*. It's a corny way of trying to take the Aids novel out of the ghetto.

And Mars-Bar has been so taken with the bacon idea that he has hammily organised the whole thing around it. William is a fanatical foodie and culinary images recur madly. "I was afraid of finding out the hard way that transplant surgery has something in common with cooking. Everything depending on the freshness of the ingredients," he says, tastefully. His heart, William says, is borne towards his boyfriend Terry "on a strong current of catering. Love is not a convenience food. Love is not instant, freeze-dried or micro-wave compatible... With tinned soup there is no love. With frozen pastry there is no love. Stock cubes likewise are the death of love." But wot about pot noodles, Ad? *Lovely*, surely?



Even sex is made a foodie frolic. William's speciality is the "hot-tea blow-job" (exactly what you'd expect). "It's not an easy trick to do well, the hot-tea blow-job," he says, proudly. "Terry will never find anyone with a technique to match mine. And if love is measured by its cost there was a lot of love in that morning gesture, repeated so many times along the years. A teacup of average size contains five fluid ounces. Waking Terry as he loved to be woken would cost me 20 per cent of my daily ration, in the dialysis years." Lor luvva duck. Saint Francis or what?

And then finally yer gets yer bacon. "Streaky bacon done crisp" first appears as a theme on page 3. Later William discovers that he can eat what he likes while actually on the dialysis machine and breaks out into the sarnies. "For me it was a sacrament in greaseproof paper," he says, being a bit fancy in his speech like. But he just can't get no satisfaction. "I tried every possible variation of ingredients, in my search for the elusive satisfaction of the bacon sandwich. Healthier bread, margarine instead of butter, bacon grilled instead of fried, bacon made by traditional processes or else from pigs that had led unusually fulfilling lives. And still in every sandwich there was an element that nullified the whole." Sad, eh?

Tragic, more like. He concludes that it's not him, it's them. "Perhaps there had been a general cancellation of flavour," he suggests moodily. "People who ate freely from day to day wouldn't notice the encroachments, on a broad front, of a creeping insipidity. Only I, after years of abstinence, was in a position to match present stimulus with memory and detect the progressive fading of taste-sensation from the world." Well, la-di-da.

Bacon's off then. So, alas, is Mr Mars-Bar's fabulous career as the world's most abstinent novelist. It just never tastes as good as you imagined, does it?

"The trial hit me hard, doc. I haven't even been able to turn it into a film script yet"

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

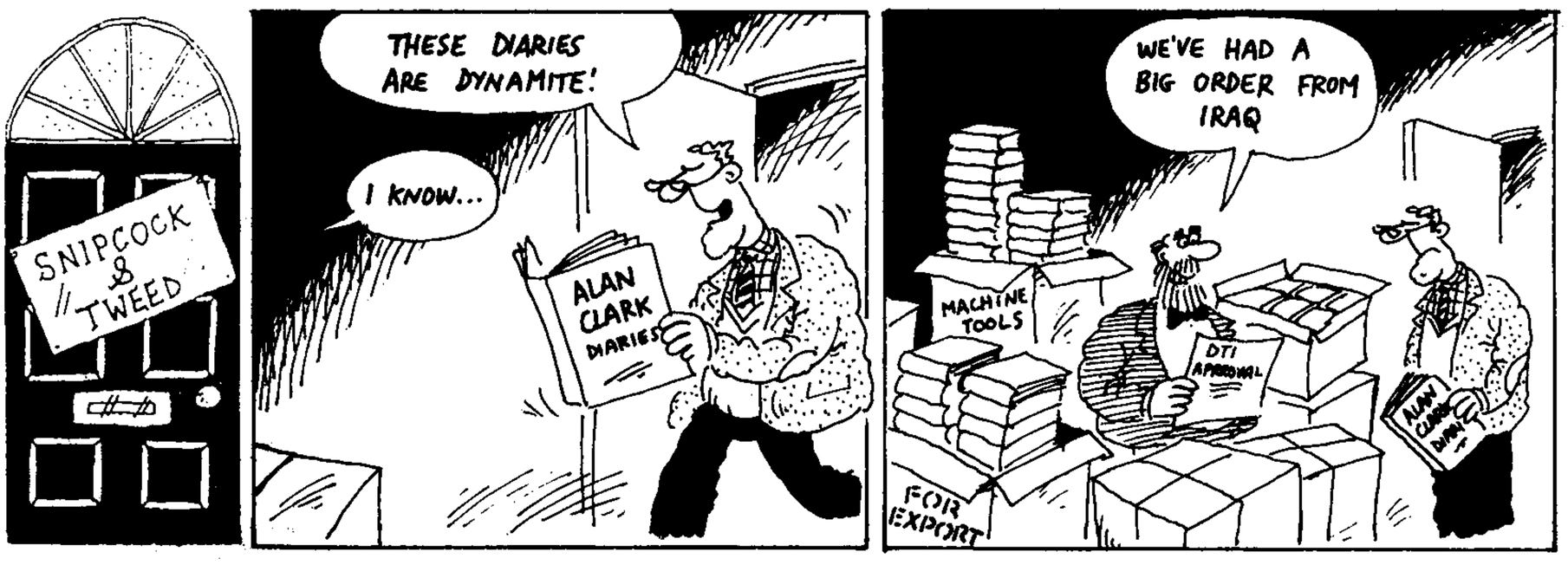
☐ READERS may recall the revelation (*Eye* 820) that HarperCollins were to publish Lord Archer's *Honour Among Thieves* three days subsequent to John le Carré's *The Night Manager* being published by Hodder-Headline, as it now is, even though Jeffrey was then still tinkering with his text. Thus the hype for and sales of the le Carré might have been somewhat muzzled. This was, of course, a wickedly strategic decision by HarperCollins' boss Eddie Arturo McBastard Bell, whose previous job had been sales supremo at Hodder. As his first act as chief executive of Hodder Headline, Tim Hely Hutchinson has arrange that *The Night Manager* will be published seven days earlier than previously arranged, giving Hodder Headline 10 days to establish the le Carré before the Archhole is launched.

■ HODDER & STOUGHTON started its ecumenical activities in 1868, and Headline Book Publishing plc only in 1986 — which presumably explains why everyone refers to the demise of Hodder as an independent publishing house as a "merger" with Headline.

The new board has an absurd 14 members and all 14, with the possible exception of Ken Pickett who only has options over Headline shares, stand to make mucho loot. As far as the old Hodder directors are concerned, it bears out the old adage: if you run your publishing house into the ground, sell out to a thrusting newcomer and go to the country with a hefty pay cheque.

It's all very sad, as the UK's last major independent house goes down the plug hole, not that that is how the happy couple are presenting it to the world.

'Bookworm'



footnotes

STRONG ARM OF THE LAW

FOLLOWING recent publicity about the case of the 1978 murder of Carl Bridgewater, Michael Chamberlain, 45, came to Private Eye and made this statement. He did not ask for or receive any payment, but the Eye did pay his train fare.

"AS YOU WILL remember, I first met you at the Daily Mirror on 19 July 1990. Before that, we had had several telephone conversations about the Carl Bridgewater case.

For many years, I was a close friend of John Perkins, a police officer in the West Midlands regional crime squad, who was closely involved in the police investigation into the newspaper boy's murder.

When you and I met in 1990, I told you what I knew about John Perkins and the Bridgewater case. We met again in London a few months later, and on at least three other occasions since. On your recommendation, I also met the solicitor for the convicted men. Although you and he asked me to make a public statement, I was reluctant to do so. This was partly out of loyalty to my friend, and partly because I was still inclined to think that the right men had been convicted.

This has now changed. Every time there is more publicity about the case, my doubts about it increase. I now realise that the confession of Pat Molloy, one of the convicted men who has since died, was crucial to the prosecution case and I feel that what I know about that confession, and the background to it, should be made public.

I was born in Wolverhampton, where I grew up and went to school. I first met John Perkins, who was also a Wolverhampton man, shortly before he joined the police in 1963. I became a very close friend of his from the late 1960s onwards. We drank together, visited each others' houses and went on holiday with our families. In May 1988, for instance, he and I and our wives went on a cruise to Spain and Portugal on the QE2.

I was a car dealer, and he recommended my firm to his police colleagues. I became part of the social life of the Wolverhampton police force.

John Perkins was not popular in the police or in the criminal fraternity. I got on well with him. He was a devoted family man, very good with kids, and I liked his sense of humour. In spite of what I am now going to say, I look back on my relationship with him without regret.

But there were many aspects of his work as a police officer which worried me at the time, and worry me even more today.

He was a tough man and he believed in what he called tough justice.

Often he would say to me: "If you're daughter's been raped and we've got the villain who did it, why pussyfoot around? Just let me interview him."

He had a reputation as probably the toughest detective in the West Midlands. He was often called in to interview suspects in "heavy" cases – armed robberies and so on. He summed up his attitude to these interviews by holding out his fist and saying: "This is the truth drug."

I remember in particular a case where two men had robbed a fish and chip shop, and assaulted a woman and a child.

The men were guilty, but it was hard to prove it. John Perkins was called in, and the men confessed. There's no doubt in my mind that they confessed because of John's tough interrogation, which ended in one of the men being sent to hospital.

I want to stress that this was a violent crime, which might not have been solved had it not been for John and his methods.

More than once, when discussing suspects for violent crimes, John would say that he would give them the "plastic bag treatment". This meant that the suspects would be questioned with plastic bags over their heads.

When I read about the murder of the newspaper boy in 1978, like everyone else in the West Midlands I was horrified. Soon after the murder, John told me he had been brought in on the case, and was working out of Wombourne police station.

During the investigations into the Carl Bridgewater case, I used to meet John regularly in pubs in the Wolverhampton area. Often we met in The Vine, which is just across the road from Wombourne police station.

One conversation sticks in my mind – I can't remember which pub it was in. John said he was going to interview Pat Molloy because he was the "weak link" in the case.

The interviews with Molloy at Wombourne went on for days. One of those days, over a drink in a pub, I remember John predicting: "He'll go today." He made it absolutely clear to me that he had been violent to Molloy – I think the expression he used was "a couple of slaps".

I assumed that Molloy had had the same tough treatment as other suspects for violent crime had had from John Perkins.

This did not worry me at the time because I thought justice was being done.

When Molloy and the other three were convicted in 1979, I was proud of the part John had played in clearing up this terrible murder. I continued my friendship with him until his death last year. But in recent years I have become more and more concerned that Molloy's confession might not have been voluntary.

I am not judge and jury. But I think these men deserve a retrial.

The reason that I have come to you to say this is that although I have never spoken to the press, there has been a lot of silly speculation about me in the newspapers. I want what I know to be told. I want to clear the air.

This is all I want to say. I have spoken to no other journalist. I won't talk to lawyers or police. But if the case goes back to the appeal court, of course I am prepared to give evidence there."

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

What Pat Molloy said:

"Perkins rushed back in again and struck me a severe blow in the stomach and said he would be back in the morning for my signature.

I was disturbed by the uniformed night staff every half hour by them banging on the hatch to wake me up. The meals I received were liberally doused with salt and I was not given anything to drink. In the end I had to cup my hands in the lav basin and flush the toilet to get something to drink. . .

In the morning I asked to see Perkins. He started to write out a statement . . . I signed the confession out of revenge on the others and out of fear of more beatings and ill treatment."

Letter from Pat Molloy to court of appeal 8 October 1980

What Kenneth Clarke said:

"Chief superintendent Baxter (of Merseyside police) has examined the allegation that Mr Molloy was improperly treated while in police custody. Mr Chamberlain, the witness who it was suggested had evidence that Mr Molloy was ill-treated and his admissions fabricated, has declined to make a statement and no evidence has been found to support the allegations which were attributed to him. I have found no reason to disagree with chief superintendent Baxter's conclusion that Mr Molloy was properly treated throughout his time in police custody."

Statement on 3 February 1993, turning down a petition to send the Bridgewater case back to the court of appeal.

ALL TIED UP IN NOTTS

TORY MPs usually slaver at the mouth when confronted with a juicy report from a district auditor about excessive or illegal public spending. Such reports usually lead to angry parliamentary questions about Labour local authorities plundering the public purse.

But Jim Lester, Tory MP for Broxtowe, Notts, is not at all delighted with a draft report from Nottingham district auditor K.F. Chidgey.

The confidential report in March to health secretary Virginia Bottomley has just been leaked. It denounces as illegal a deal between Nottingham health authority and a company called Regency Park Ltd which set up, with the help of NHS money, a very expensive clinic to look after alcoholics.

Under the provocative title UNLAWFUL ARRANGEMENTS, the auditor wrote:

"In my opinion the authority had no power to enter into a partnership and the agreement is *ultra vires*. In addition, the agreement included several undertakings that are unlawful in their own right. . .

"Because the partnership agreement is unlawful, it follows that any resultant expenditure is unlawful. To date the authority has incurred expenditure totalling £1.8m in set-up and patient treatment costs."

When Nottingham East Labour MP John Hepple put down a Commons motion asking searching questions, the health authority rushed out a press statement (on 10 June) saying the draft auditor's report had been withdrawn pending "substantial inaccuracies".

How inaccurate, though? Perhaps the most interesting paragraph in the report was this one: "The agreement (between the company and the authority) was ill-conceived and ill-planned. Its origin was an approach by an MP acting on behalf of the company rather than a response to patient needs as assessed by the authority. The MP receives £6 000 per annum chargeable to the clinic for 'parliamentary consultancy services' ".

The MP, who was not named, is Jim Lester. He declares a consultancy with Regency Park in the MPs register of interests. The *Eye* asked Mr Lester the following questions:

1 To whom did you make the original "approach" referred to in the report?

2 Did you at any time approach or secure the support of the secretary of state for health at the time — Mr Kenneth Clarke?

3. What is your connection to Regency Park and its driving force, Mr Bob Beckett?

4. Is Mr Beckett a contributor to local Conservative party funds or in any other way connected to the Conservative party?

5. How do you feel about your association with an enterprise which is now dubbed by the district auditor illegal?

6. Is the figure given by the district auditor for your annual consultancy fees accurate?

Mr Lester replied: "I am not prepared to comment on the draft report which is inaccurate, wrong and in the course of revision. When published, I would be pleased to deal with the outrageous suggestions if they remain. Questions 2 and 4, the answer is No. Question 5, I share the view of the Health Authority".

This is not the first time the district auditor has reported on the Nottingham Clinic. He submitted another report last year which was just as critical. He had the benefit of research which compared the success rate at the (private) Nottingham Clinic with the (public) Addiction Services. Of 40 cases studied at the Nottingham Clinic, seven achieved their goal compared to a success rate of 18 out of 43 cases at the Addiction Services.

Jim Lester: "Outrageous"

PS: Sir David White, knighted last year, is chairman of the Nottingham health authority, deputy lieutenant of the county and a prominent Conservative. Mr Kenneth Clarke, the new chancellor of the exchequer, is MP for Rushcliffe, Notts, which borders on Jim Lester's Broxtowe constituency. Clarke was health secretary when the Nottingham Clinic scheme was set up. All three men are old boys of Nottingham High School.

TODAY IN PARLIAMENT

Mrs. Mahon: On defence exports, how many dead or tortured East Timorese are acceptable to the Government in exchange for a defence contract with Indonesia?

Mr. Aitken: That is a ridiculous question. The British Government do not export arms of any type to any country without very careful export licensing. By means of our export licensing process, we seek to avoid the export of arms that could be used for the repression of individuals.

8th March

Alice Mahon is Labour MP for Halifax. Jonathan Aitken is minister for defence procurement (arms sales) and former director of BMARC, an arms company.

Some 200,000 people have been killed by the Indonesian government in East Timor (pop 600,000). In the list of countries ranked by their human rights record, Indonesia lies 88th out of 104.

Hall or nothing

■ THE Engineering Employers' Federation in Scotland and its supporting press — led by the Dundee Courier and associated D.C. Thomson papers, which boast that they haven't had a trade union in the building since 1926 — are terribly dejected by the resignation of their hero Peter Hall from the presidentcy of the strike-bound Timex factory.

Creditors and ex-employees of Hall's former companies which have gone bust, meanwhile, are finding it hard to get their money back and are now worrying about their pensions.

Hall's three companies — Pearson Hall Holdings, Athelstone Information and ANS Precision — are all in receivership, together owing just under £750,000, mostly to the inland revenue and customs and excise (VAT). Former employees tell the Eye that Hall, heralded in Scotland as a champion of the new "realistic" free enterprise of the 1990s, was warned repeatedly that he was over-reaching himself, but ploughed on believing totally in his own entrepreneurial genius.

What worries them even more than the wages and redundancy money they are owed are pensions. There was originally some hope that the receivers might sort this out, but so broke are Hall's companies no receiver will do the necessary work. The companies keep getting shoved from receiver to receiver, none of whom will take responsibility. After all, they argue — and probably rightly — so broke are Hall's companies even the receiver might not get paid.

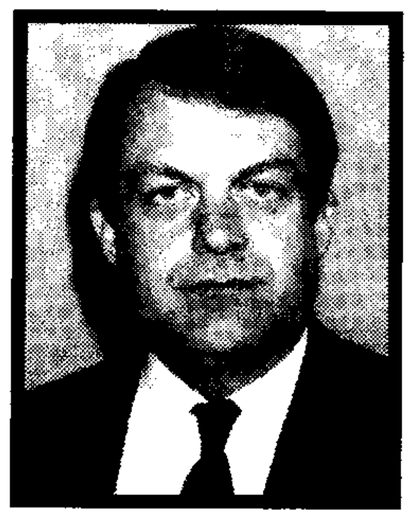
THE THINGS THEY SAY

"I just don't think it is right that the defendant's right to silence, a rule invented 300 years ago to prevent inarticulate yokels from being hanged for stealing chickens is right for today. That rule is irrelevant today as every alleged offender can get a whizz-kid lawyer to work for them."

David Maclean, minister of state at the home office,
The Times, *7 June.*

MADAME BOUVERIE

THE NEWS last week that following alleged massive fraud in East London the Housing Corporation had stopped funding Circle 33, the 18th biggest housing corporation in the country and one of the biggest in London, came at a rotten time for Melinda Phillips, its director.



Mark Boleat: "Lies"

She has just emerged unscathed from an internal inquiry, led by Graham Livingston, senior partner of top City solicitors Lovell White Durrant, into the sale of a house in Bouverie Street, Hackney, to Circle 33 by one John Bicknell.

Mr Bicknell is the father of Melinda Phillips's child. The inquiry followed an anonymous letter to the Housing Corporation asking whether the sale contradicted section 15 of the housing associations act 1985, which bans the buying and selling of houses by association officials or their relatives.

Mr Livingston's inquiry concluded that Mr Bicknell was not a relative of Melinda Phillips, and that therefore there was nothing wrong with the transaction.

Melinda Phillips says: "Mr Bicknell and I split up five years ago. The purchase was carried out in a totally arm's length way, and the price was below valuation. The inquiry found I acted in total propriety."

She agreed that Mr Bicknell stayed in her house in Hornsey after he sold his house to Circle 33. "I have a flat which is self-contained, and I allowed him to stay there," she says.

The Livingston inquiry also found that the Bouverie Street sale had been agreed with Circle 33 chairman Mark Boleat.

Mr Boleat must be appalled at the fate of Circle 33. He is a very important person indeed. He is chairman of the Building Societies Association and of the Mortgage Lenders Association. He also sits on the Housing Corporation, which has now cut off funds to his own association. He is shortly to leave all these important positions to become chairman of the Association of British Insurers.

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 071 287 3183

In the City

TUST WHY "President" Michael Heseltine should have been so eager to bend the ear of the attorney-general about the temerity of the serious fraud office (SFO) in vigorously prosecuting such a generous Tory benefactor as Asil Nadir remains unexplained.

True, his old friend Christopher Morgan, the mendacious PR man (but aren't they all paid to lie?), was on the case. And so too was his trusty aide Michael Mates. But was that enough?

Heseltine says it was, and failing any evidence to the contrary in a story where facts (as to who did, wrote and said what and why) still remain in sparse supply, this must be accepted.

But there are reports that there might have been previous Nadir-Heseltine links from the good old days when the Turkish Delight was a City phenomenon and a welcome, well-paying guest in high Tory circles.

One of the more intriguing but totally uncorroborated suggestions is that Heseltine was, in the early eighties, spotted visiting the former Polly Peck headquarters in Commercial Road. Such visits are said to have happened when he was either environment secretary or, more likely, defence secretary during 1983 or 1984.

Why, if true, a senior minister should have been calling on Polly Peck is a mystery — no doubt the conspiracy theorists who suddenly see Asil's hand behind the arms to Iraq scandal, where it was never seen before, will explain it all too easily. Especially as Heseltine says that — "to the best of his recollection" — he has never met Nadir.

Meanwhile suggestions that Turkey will be doing all it can to assist the cause of justice over Nadir should not be taken as more than cosmetic diplomatic posturing to limit the embarrassment caused by Nadir taking sanctuary in Ankara's puppet state of Northern Cyprus.

The Turkish authorities were aware Nadir intended to flee Britain — there was a welcoming party at Istanbul when he landed. Furthermore, it was the Turks who leaked news of the supposed secret visit of SFO case officer Lorna Harris, thereby showing willing as far as trying to help! (It is thought that Harris's handling of the Polly Peck case may not be unconnected with her recent failure to be promoted to become an SFO assistant director. Harris and the legal team, headed by Robert Owen QC, were consistently second best to Nadir's advisers Pannone & Partners and Anthony Scrivener QC.)

The fact is that Nadir cannot be extradited from either Turkey or Northern Cyprus because he is a national of both and as such extradition is illegal. As for trying him in either that is hardly likely to be attractive to the SFO given that judges there are under government influence, if not control.

But that leaves Turkey with a political headache regarding its ambitions to join the European Community and solve the Cyprus question. Being a good European and proving the Greeks wrong is hardly helped by allowing fugitives to take refuge in a client state which Turkey not only bankrolls but defends. And it is getting mighty crowded in Northern Cyprus with not just Nadir but his financial adviser Elizabeth Forsyth and the men who arranged his escape, Peter Dimond and David Hamilton, all sheltering there from arrest.

No wonder, therefore, that Nadir is said to have been told by Turkish president Suleyman Demirel not to carry out his threat to come to Turkey. While he remains in Northern Cyprus Ankara can preserve the fiction that it is a matter for the Turkish-Cypriots and their leader Rauf Denktash can say he can do nothing as his republic is not recognised by Britain.

The only wild card is Nadir himself. He is unlikely to be able to contain himself for long in the tiny enclave. He may therefore risk calling the Turks' bluff. Or, as some suggest, he may suddenly return to Britain. Nadir has remained in contact with his lawyers who have been rumoured to be coming to visit him for the past two weeks. If he returned voluntarily it might be very difficult for the SFO to keep him in custody. The trial would have to be rescheduled for probably next year. And the whole legal circus could commence again — this time with claims that because of all the publicity he unleashed Nadir would be unable to obtain a fair trial. A result which would undoubtedly make many senior Tories breathe very much easier.

AMSTRAD shareholders might be amused to learn of a recent communication sent by their ever diplomatic chairman to Funai, Japanese suppliers of Amstrad VCRs.

During the course of a blunt faxed message sent on 6 May, Sugar reminded his suppliers that "the reputation of Funai is junk". The reason was technical problems with the VCR due to its deck mechanism. This had somehow failed to get through to the Japanese, it seems, for Sugar remonstrated: "Can you not get it into your big thick head?" The problem, Sugar told Funai, was: "We shipped a lot of junk last year to Rumbelows and Comet and they are claiming big money from us." Doubtless that will be very reassuring to Amstrad shareholders and Rumbelows and Comet customers, too.

THE RELATIONSHIP between comment and advertising on the personal finance sections of certain newspapers gets ever cosier.

Hardly surprising as insurance, pension, mortgage, bank and unit trust advertisers are one of the mainstays of quality newspaper revenue. And it is necessary for those journalists who cover that beat to stay in touch with the major players in their specific fields who more often than not just happen to be advertisers.

That said, however, it is still unusual to find a leading personal finance writer appearing on a panel of experts to discuss a product which is puffed by the same newspaper, even if there is no matching advertisement.

On 19 May Johnson Fry announced that it was to launch its Utilities Trust with a satellite-linked conference on 26 May. A panel of experts was to be on hand to answer questions from financial advisers. Lorna Bourke of the *Sunday Telegraph* was announced as a prominent member of that panel. Four days later the Utilities Trust was given a fulsome boost by, er, Lorna Bourke in her Money File column for the *Sunday Telegraph*. "Building society savers... should look at a new investment trust to be launched this week by Johnson Fry," she wrote. The next day Johnson Fry faxed to advisers a reminder of the satellite launch with a copy of the article adding that the new trust "received very favourable press in this Sunday's *Telegraph*". What a surprise!

HOW TOUCHING to see that the increasingly less *Independent*'s tainted tipster Jim Slater has rediscovered his Far East roots.

For his latest (10 June) share tip, "Changi Jim" picked the Hong Kong listed Innovative International which makes car aerials on the mainland. It will no doubt be reassuring for the Hong Kong regulators to know that Jim is back. The last time he was a player in the local market (20 years ago in the heyday of Slater, Walker) the result was the Spydar Investments insider dealing scandal and attempts by the Singapore authorities to extradite him.

Meanwhile, another cautionary tale for any *Independent* reader tempted to follow Jim in to one of his overseas picks. After he busted out in the Far East, Slater returned to a previous stamping ground, Canada. In 1983 the Slater "name" was used to attract backers for Centennial Minerals, which had a gold mine in Montana. Slater, his London-based ex-Canadian broker buddy Ian Watson and friends had already loaded up in the previous two years at prices from 1 cent to C$1.50. The public, aka the mugs, were offered Centennial at C$5.

Slater and his then share dealing partner Gerald Ronson, of Guinness and Ford open prison fame, obtained the right to more shares at C$2 in return for debenture finance. Ronson's Heron group put in C$400,000 to the Slater Foundation's C$40,000. The price soared towards C$10. A year later a Ronson owned insurance company invested C$250,000 in more debentures to be able to buy shares at almost C$7. Alas, the expected bonanza did not arrive. In October 1985 Centennial was taken over in a deal which valued the shares no higher than C$4. Whether Jim was still in with his 241,000 shares, 100,000 of which cost just 1 cent, is not known; but as the *Sunday Telegraph* warned when tipping Centennial a year before: "Jim Slater is perhaps the greatest short term investor of all."

'Slicker'

A Chancellor writes

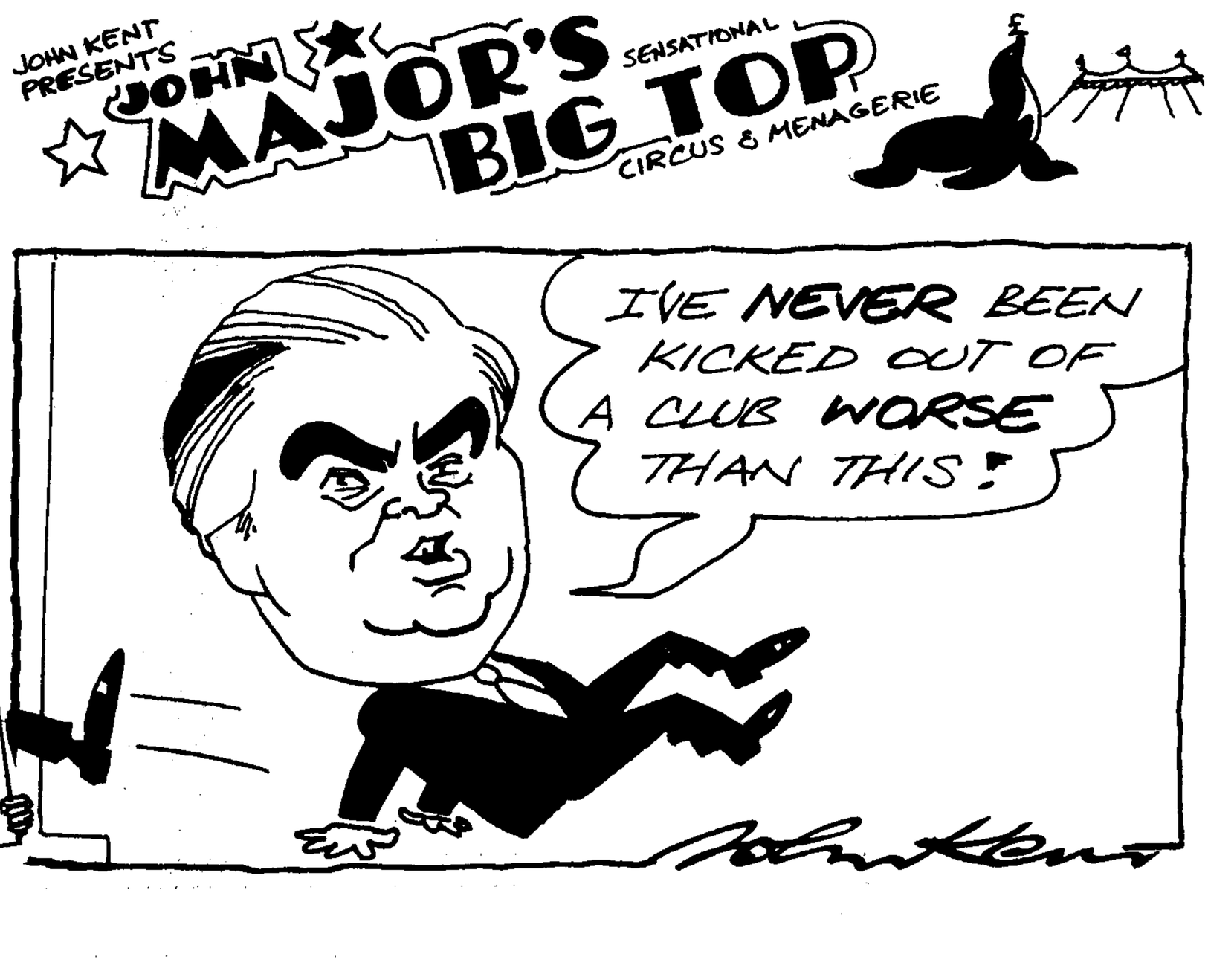
Sir,

I recently read a totally untrue story about me in the middle of your "Slicker" column "In the City". I have never been a client of stockbrokers, Chapman and Rowe. I do not know and never have known anybody called Ralph Clarke. I hope that you will print with equal prominence in the middle of the "In the City" column this letter explaining that the whole thing is inaccurate drivel.

Yours sincerely,
THE RT. HON. KENNETH CLARKE, QC, MP

House of Commons

● Slicker replies: It is surprising, if flattering, that the man who did not have time to read the Maastricht Treaty and has 50 billion other problems on his mind should still find the time to read and respond to what was called "hardly plausible gossip". I am glad to note that, unlike in the offending item, the Chancellor spells Chapman & Rowe correctly.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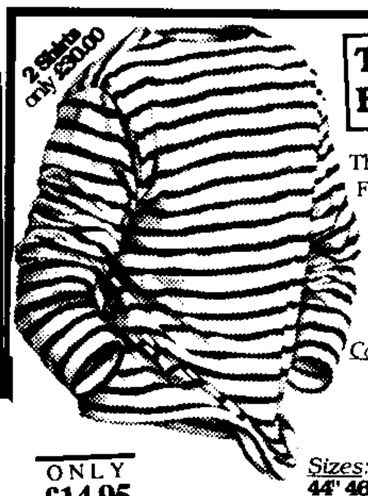

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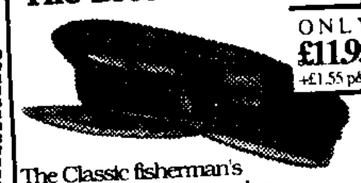

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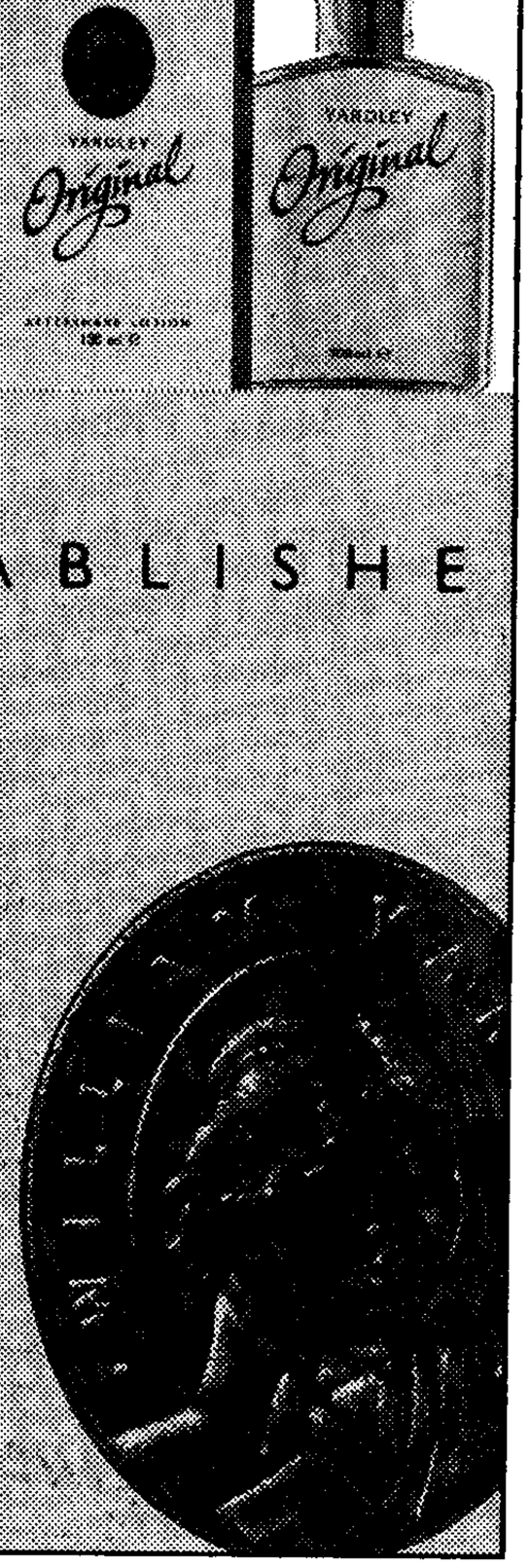

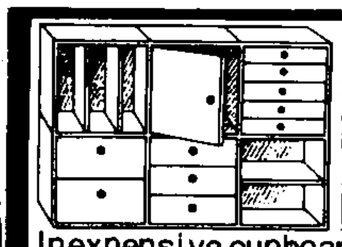

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Send your advertisements with your name, address, telephone number and cheque or postal order (payable to **PRESSDRAM LTD** - no cash please) to PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG. Also use this address to reply to box numbers. ACCESS, VISA or SWITCH cardholders may dictate advertisements on 071 734 6887 (24hrs) or Fax details on 071 437 0705. Submit advertisements to arrive at least 10 days before issue date. We regret there may be a delay before publication of EYE LOVE advertisements due to demand.

Send your advertisements to reach us by Tuesday 22th June for inclusion in the next issue.

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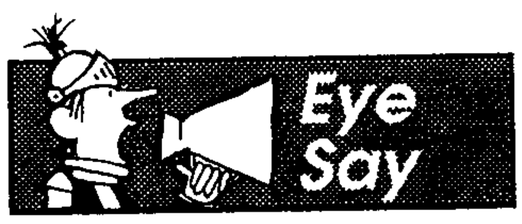

GGWWF.

SPEECHWRITING — see MITCH MURRAY, Eye Help.

STEPH WILL BE Ms. Pullen in August! I love her. Tom. xxxx

WE'RE HERE, and we know. C.T.

ROBERTO DeNILO: 21.12.88, 23.09.89, (17.12.92). Lots o'harz, "Bunjie".

HAYFEVER — see "Eye Care".

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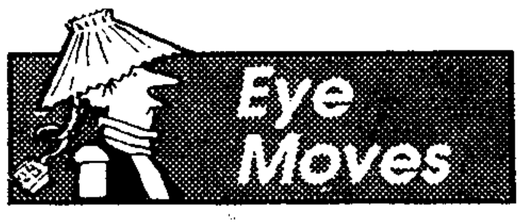

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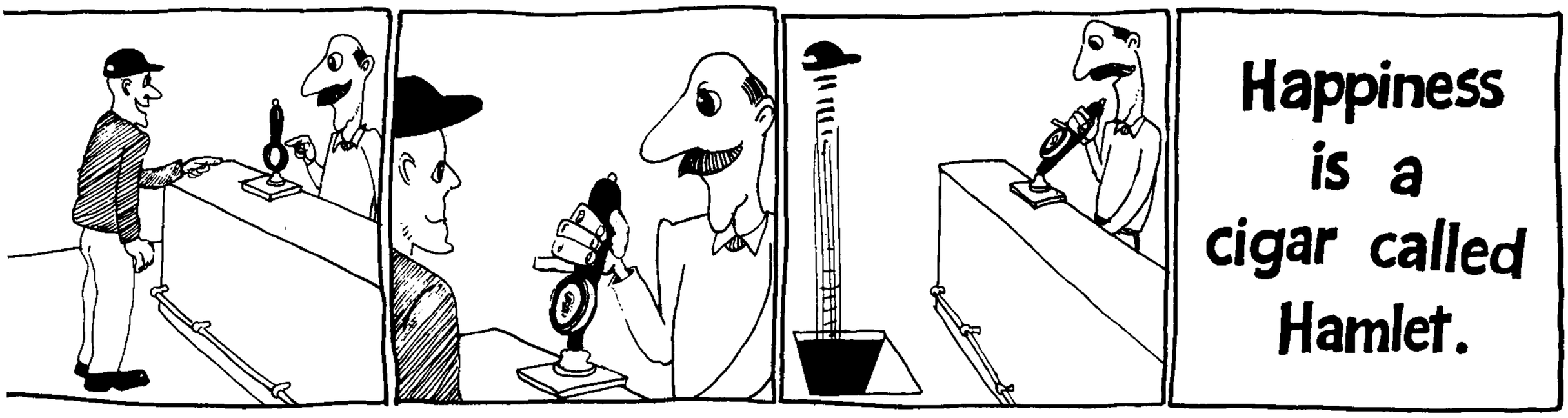

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PRISONER NEEDS YOU. I'm 36, tall, dark, handsome, fit and athletic, perfect body, a better class of convict, undegraduate, witty, SoH, seeking female socialist 25-38 who wants to start afresh. Correspondence first, love and marriage later? Box 10121.

NEW SUBSCRIBER, single, attractive, professional, independent, sporty, one man woman, seeks similar 6ft male, 28/38. Midlands. Photograph please! Box 10221.

SAXOPHONIST AQUARIAN male, 52, 3 degrees, single, seeks fun female for summer. Send foto phone. West Country. Box 9021.

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CATWOMAN SEEKS MAN of mystery for ultimate battle of the sexes. Meow! Box 2922.

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE law undergraduate (19) seeks intelligent caring man for adventure and romance. London. Box 3022.

WEST MIDLANDS CHARMING stylish female with many interests seeks a man for all seasons 52+ years. Box 3122.

MALE, NOT UNATTRACTIVE slow, caring, affluent, intelligent, virile, seeks sensuous female for dining, holidays, London. Box 3222.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE FEMALE accountant, 32, enjoys travelling, cooking, walking, seeks sincere, reliable, unattached male friend. Sussex. Box 3322.

EX TITS AND TEETH TV twit now working in the law and halfway through BA in literature, vegetating now daughter grown up. After sailing last three years, dumped by captain. If you're fallible, witty, alternative and non-judgmental and fancy going pastoral, maybe France, contact me. Box 1922.

GLOBE-TROTTING vegetarian graduate male, 27, seeks similar female (W/ London/Middlesex?) for romance. No Tories or ascetics please. Box 3522.

COGNIZANT MEN PREFER evening to morning, night to day, mature women to young girls! Independent red head wishes to investigate practice behind theory. Box 3622.

ATTRACTIVE CARING fun-loving female (24) Devon-based, into cinema, music, woods and dragons, seeks like-minded, long-suffering male for lasting (but not always serious!) relationship. Box 3722.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 50, widower, considerate and sensitive, seeks attractive, independent woman, London. Photo essential. Box 3822.

CHRISTIAN MALE, 29, graduate, organist, preacher, but no plaster saint, needs rescuing from mother by compatible female. Box 3922.

ATTRACTIVE, LIVELY Swiss lady (40+) seeks completely unattached romantic Englishman to share her life, home, animals and mountains in Switzerland. Box 4022.

DISCREET LOVE AFFAIR sought by confident, intelligent man, with rugged good looks, 40, and an interest in stimulating conversation and convivial company. Box 4122.

WILTS/SOMERSET/DORSET widely travelled businessman, fit and 40, seeks bored, but not boring, lady for summer fun. Box 4222.

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LONG TERM attractive soulmate wanted by tall, 40s, successful businessman. You are intelligent, attractive, N/S female looking for fun, to be loved an to be spoiled. Discretion assured. Photo appreciated — seize the moment — do it! Box 10821.

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DOCTOR, 33, TALL enterprising and with nice bedside manner seeks lively, intelligent lady, with nice bed. Henriettas welcome, but no fat slags. Chelsea or Cambridge. Box 4722.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 28, romantic, intelligent, tall, unattached, seeks female same, 25-35. Sussex/South Coast. Box 4822.

ATTRACTIVE, HAPPY LADY (48). Wit, humour, intelligence. Creative, artistic, practical, feminine. Enjoys country life, coastlines, antique/craft fairs, laughing, cooking, gentle music, writing, my dog. Loathes discos, "power-dressing", carphones. Seeks country living male friend not looking for heiress. Box 4922.

TALL, SOLVENT, good looking late thirties Bristol professional man seeks nymphette to spoil this Summer. Are there any women with a sense of adventure left? If this sounds exciting, then please send your telephone number to Box 3422.

COLD, NEGLECTFUL, workaholic husband causes attractive lively 41 year old woman to seek intelligent good-looking, long-term company with a man who can appreciate what she still has to offer. Evenings, weekdays, London, Surrey. Photo please. Box 5022.

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WRITER, 34, KINDLY chap (passions: classical music, arts, exploring), seeks sane, astute, West Midlands lady to refizz sagging batteries. Photo appreciated. Box 5222.

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ROMANTIC MALE, 31, tall, open-minded, seeks female North West. Box 6222.

TWO PROFESSIONAL MALES, mid-50s, safely married, seek liaisons with females for the usual. Let's have fun, East Midlands area. Discretion assured. Box 6322.

HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL entrepreneur, mid-30s, slim and fit, seeks attractive, slim, intelligent and fun-loving female up to 35, 5'6", who likes good food, wine, socialising, fun and laughter. To explore the Pacific Rim in style for 2-3 week period. Photo/phone essential. Box 6422.

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COMPLICATED REDHEAD, pretty, freckles, 5'6", 33, cosmopolitan career woman needs new man. Can't stand men in "trainers" not running. Box 7122.

BUSY SAVING THE RAINFOREST somewhere by the sea in West Africa. Tall, witty, Oxbridge forester, late 20s, seeks intelligent, attractive woman to share the joie de vivre here and UK. Mrs Branaghs welcome. Box 7222.

GLOBE TROTTING MALE professional, 30, seeks attractive, intelligent and caring girl 25+ to settle down with. South-East. Box 7022.

LUSTY RAKE (40) seeks comely wench. Box 7322.

SUCCESSFUL GRADUATE, fit, straightforward and intelligent, young (33) man seeks a girl who likes open air, cinema, holidays abroad, books and living life to the full. She'll find a 6ft, solvent, caring, non-smoking, blue-eyed, companion for keeps in Hampshire. Box 7822.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 50, attractive, sensual, unattached, seeks female friend London. Box 7922.

PROFESSIONAL GUY (38), fit, attractive, affluent (and exceedingly pleasant to be with) seeks pretty, sitty girl with "slim but full" physique for corporate raid on life. London/elsewhere. Box 8022.

EAST MIDLANDS, professional woman, 29, smoker, elfin, seeks kind, tolerant, laughing, cat-loving man, 29-38. No married philanderers or flash harry's. Photo please. Box 8122.

WELL TRAVELLED GRADUATE male (27) returning from abroad, into triathlons, requires similar intelligent female in south of England for cinemas, training and long summer nights. Box 8222.

WANTED: PENELOPE PITSTOP. Dick Dastardly seeks adventurous girl for imaginative exploration of mutual fantasies. London/anywhere. Box 8322.

INTELLIGENT ADONIS (-ish), 44, seeks cerebral Venus type to investigate MO=TB, HR, O etc, also to share interests in PPL, BRDC(FIA), RORC(JOG) and LSD (1971=LP). Essential GSOH, VGC, N/S — WHY? Let's explore the limits of hedonism. NE Surrey. Box 8722.

TALL ATTRACTIVE MALE, 27, slim, friendly, caring and sensual seeks female 20-45 for passionate loving relationship. Box 8922.

RAZOR SHARP, SENSITIVE, witty, successful, honest, disillusioned, male graduate, 29, seeks alluring, comparable girl 25-35 for exciting, unconventional adventure and engaging repartee. All letters answered, so don't be bashful. Kent area. Box 9022.

"COME WITH ME and be my love and we will all the pleasures prove." Own man pursues Surrey girl (20-30). Photo please. Box 9122.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL MAN (36), sort of happily married and generally sensible, seeks amusing, affectionate female (25-45) to be unsensible with, in a discreet, light-hearted sort of way. Photo appreciated. London. Box 9222.

PROFESSIONAL SINGLE MALE (33), newly arrived in Lake District seeks sincere similar female for theatre, dinners, fun. Reply guarantees dinner. Photo appreciated. Box 9322.

YOU DON'T HAPPEN to be an attractive, slim, married, sensuous lady who yearns a lover? Me too. I'm male, 36, slim and good-looking. Discreet — South Yorks/North. Box 9422.

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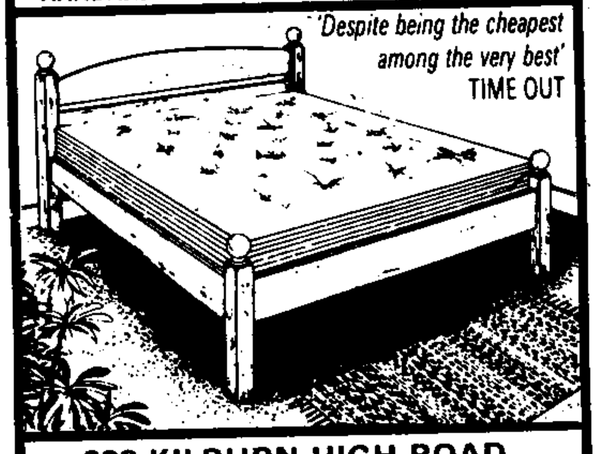

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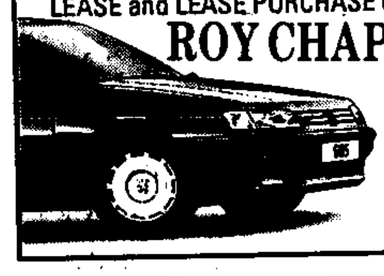

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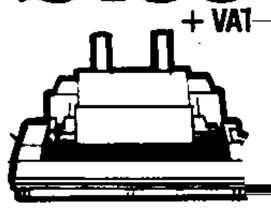

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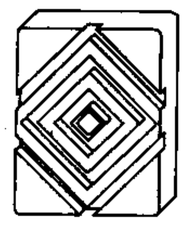

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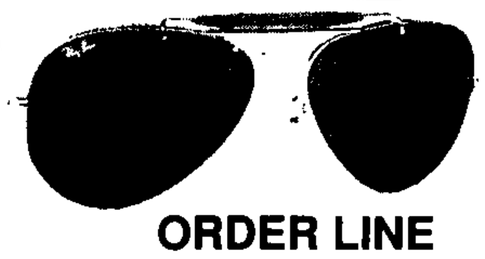

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9	PREMIER TRAD D	TORT	GREY	98	71
10	PREMIER TRAD B	TORT	GREY	98	71
11	TRAD STYLE C	TORT	GREY	87	59
12	CATS 1000	BLACK	GREY	65	44
13	CATS 5000	BLACK	GREY	69	46
14	SIGNET	BLACK/GOLD	GREY	109	76
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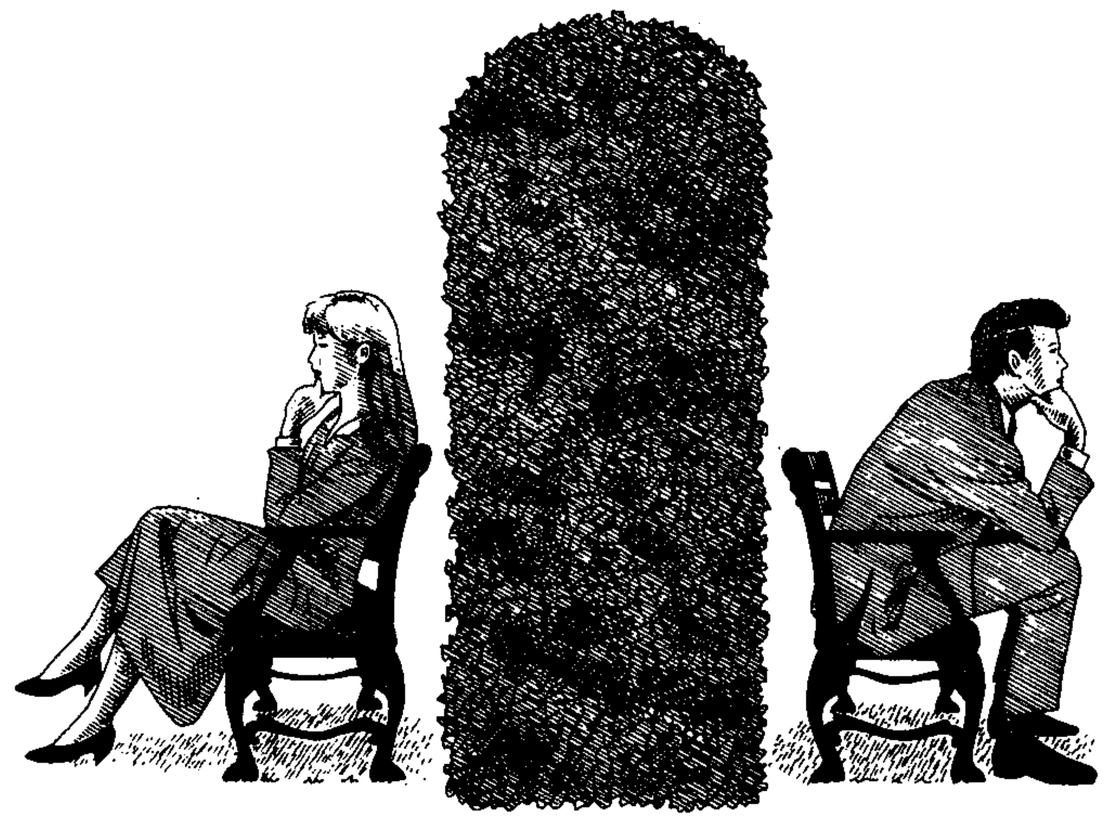

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